

Scandinavia

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SCANDINAVISM.

Scandinavism, or the Scandinavian idea, means the modern endeavors for unity between Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

The idea is founded in history, and originates from the memory of olden times when the three countries were inhabited by one people, closely related to the other Germano-Gothic nations, especially to the Low Germans in North-Germany and to the Anglo-Saxons in England and Scotland. There were, however, different tribes, as, for instance, the Svear, that remarkably gifted people which lived north of the great lakes in Sweden; the Angles and Jutes in western Denmark; several tribes in western Norway; the Götter of southern Sweden, who probably occupied eastern Norway and the Danish islands. But they had a common language, the "Danish tongue," a common religion, and a common history. It was the heroic age of the race when, not yet weakened by Christianity and Roman civilization, and still retaining and developing its old free social organization, it overran half of Europe under the name of Normans, conquering and crushing, but also strengthening and reorganizing the nations; when the Danes, the true Normans, conquered England with Low Scotland,

Normandy, and even parts of southern Europe and of the Orient; when the Swedes, the *Varegs*, established the Russian power and penetrated into Constantinople; when the Norwegians took possession of a great part of Ireland, parts of Scotland with the Scottish Islands, and of Iceland, and, for a while, even commenced to colonize America. So closely were the three nations connected that it is impossible, in most cases, fully to discern their separate action. Norwegian chiefs, for instance, went with the Danes to Normandy and Northumberland; Danes and Swedes followed with the Norwegians to Iceland; Icelanders, Norwegians, and Danes accompanied, on the other side, the Swedes to Russia and Byzantine. After this heroic age, the three distinct nationalities were formed, although, in Sweden, Götter and Svear separated for awhile, and though it at a time looked as if the entire North under Canute the Great of England was to form an empire not inferior to the German. Toward the end of the chaotic mediæval period the great Queen Margaret of Denmark attempted to unite the three kingdoms, but her success was no better than the great Edward's in his conquests of Wales and Scotland. The famous "Act of Union" signed at Calmar, in 1397, by lords from the three countries, hardly lasted one generation, and was never a full reality. The incapacity of Queen Margaret's successors, aggravated by quarrels with the Counts of Holstein and the Free Towns of North-Germany, assisted a part of the Swedish noblemen in their opposition toward the union, and, notwithstanding the efforts of far-seeing prelates and temporal lords, the result was the final dissolution of the union, in 1521. The last union king, Kristiern the Second, who, cruel as his contemporary, King Henry the Eighth of England, attempted to quench the opposition by blood, only succeeded in arousing the entire Swedish peasantry and gentry whose united rising rapidly established the independence of their country under Gustaf Vasa.

The old kingdom of Norway was, from the

days of Queen Margaret till the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, a part of the Danish monarchy. The early interminable feuds between the ancient peasant-nobility, and the mountainous character of the country, prevented the development of a powerful gentry capable of defending the country in war and governing it in peace, but were, on the other side, favorable to the preservation of the old freedom of the yeoman. For centuries, Norway could not develop any national civilization of its own; but its sailors strengthened the naval power of Denmark, and its hardy people contributed considerably to the whole intellectual life of the main country. Since 1814, when separated from Denmark and united to Sweden, in dynasty and foreign affairs, Norway is guarding its national independence against Sweden in political, and against Denmark in intellectual questions, with a jealousy which only can be accounted for by the novelty of the situation and by inexperience in the use of its freedom. Its written language is the Danish, and the language spoken in the cities does not differ from the common Danish more than, for instance, Low Scotch differs from the London dialect; even the books of the greatest Norwegian authors, such as Björnson and Henrik Ibsen, are published in Copenhagen, and are more read in Denmark than in Norway; the whole intellectual life of the two countries is still closely connected.

Sweden rapidly grew the strongest of the three kingdoms. Its kings and its hardy people made a history. Gustaf Adolf saved Protestantism on the continent. Charles the Twelfth was only one of a series of gallant kings who for a while checked the rising power of half-Asiatic Russia. As Denmark once, so Sweden later on, possessed nearly the whole coast of the Baltic. It conquered and kept large provinces of Norway and the rich southern part of the Scandinavian peninsula, which for centuries belonged to Denmark. Sweden is at present the largest of the three countries, with a population as great as that of Denmark and Norway together, and as it preserved its old liberty, short periods excepted,—while Denmark for two centuries (1660–1848) was ruled by autocratic kings,—it has now a more truly liberal legislation and a greater capacity of practical self-government. Norway illustrates, notwithstanding the solidity of its peasants, the difficulty in governing with a peasant majority on one side, and, on the other side, a bureaucratic official class influencing the king. Denmark, whose peasants for a long time lived in more or less actual thralldom,

and were not fully emancipated until the end of last century, is another example of how difficult it is to create true liberty through a paper constitution, a singular sterility being here—like in other formerly autocratic kingdoms—the natural result of the divided sentiments and interests of the artificially formed social classes. Sweden, on the other hand, gives at present a good example of co-operation between the different classes, specially between the peasants and the gentry; the constitution is working more smoothly than in Denmark and Norway, and the whole legislative spirit is freer, as shown by the general direct taxation; the lack of any military service worth mentioning; a freedom of land tenure which in Europe is only found in England, Holland, and Switzerland; a liberty in banking similar to that of the United States; etc., etc. On all points Sweden illustrates the great advantage of historical freedom. Even the character of its people is better adapted for practical action, while the Danes and Norwegians, like other nations developed under a paternal government, have cultivated a taste for critical, rather than for practical, work. Furthermore, the Swedes have, to some extent, been chiefly influenced by French civilization, the Danes and Norwegians mostly by German culture; and the French enthusiasm and tendency to progress by fits and starts, which are characteristic to the Swedes and very different from the extreme moderation of the Danes, make this branch of the Scandinavian race more qualified for the adoption of new great political ideas. Any advocate of a political union between the three kingdoms will naturally look to the Swedes as the leading people.

While, at present, Sweden, to a certain degree, occupies in the Scandinavian question the same position as did once Sardinia to Italian unity, and Prussia to that of Germany, it is, however, in the more intelligent and, in a certain sense, higher civilized Denmark that the modern Scandinavian movement originated. History teaches the necessity of a union; and the jealousy between Sweden and Denmark-Norway was the main source of misery for both kingdoms during the brutal and egoistic period of political balance, when the Danes favored the growth of Russia at the cost of Sweden, and the Swedes assisted the Dukes of Holstein-Sleswick against their sovereigns, the Danish kings. The results were disastrous wars and consequent interior weakness, the expansion of Russia ending with the conquest of Swedish Finland, in 1809, and the encroachment of the Holsteiners on

Sleswick, resulting, in 1864, with the conquest of this old Danish province by Prussia and Austria. The lessons taught by experience and personal aspirations of princes led, at several periods, to projects of a union; but they were ineffectual until the middle of this century, when the popular national movement which agitated so many other countries, also reached Denmark, which always has been open to intellectual influence from Germany, and which, specially stirred by the national conflict between German and Danish in Sleswick, at once imitated and contended against the national German movement. The struggle for the Danish nationality on the German frontier is clearly connected with the efforts for national unity between the three countries, as the overwhelming Germanism impressed the Danes with the necessity of "Scandinavism," while the danger of the common Norse nationality in Sleswick also strongly appealed to the sentiments of the Swedes and Norwegians. Already since 1843, great meetings of the students at the universities of the three kingdoms created wild enthusiasm in the large cities where these meetings took place—very characteristic for the time and for the social condition of these countries in which the university-educated men formed the really leading and governing class. During the war of 1848-51 with the German insurgents in Holstein and southern Sleswick, supported by Prussia and the German Federation, numerous volunteers from Norway and Sweden fought in the Danish army and navy, and for a while Swedish troops were stationed even on the island of Funen and in Sleswick. At that time the Swedish-Norwegian king was, in his politics, still too dependent on Russia to adopt the Scandinavian idea; but this was entirely changed by the Crimean war, and since then efforts for political unity were directly fostered by King Oscar and his son and successor, Charles the Fifteenth. In the fall of 1863, at the eve of the decisive struggle for Sleswick, the Swedish-Norwegian ambassador in Copenhagen had even orders to sign a treaty of alliance; but just at that moment the childless Danish King Frederik the Seventh died; Prussia and Austria competed in aggressing Denmark in order to gain popularity in Germany, and Sweden-Norway withdrew from the alliance, induced by Russia, which then was the ally of Prussia. During the ensuing war of 1864, by which Denmark lost not only Holstein and South Sleswick, but also the larger Danish North Sleswick, there were still moments in which a Scandinavian union seemed possible. Once, King Charles sent his private li-

brarian to Copenhagen with a complete project of a union written by one of his ministers, the later Swedish premier, Baron de Geer. Shortly afterward the Danish journalist, C. Ploug, the leader of the Scandinavian idea, was in Christiania with a proposition, approved by the Danish King Christian the Ninth and his premier, Mr. Monrad, according to which, by each vacancy of the throne, the oldest succeeding prince of the two royal houses should inherit all three kingdoms. King Charles, however, could neither prevail upon the statesmen in Stockholm nor on the peasants of the *Storthing* in Christiania to give Denmark active assistance. Some volunteers, some private money-gifts, a great deal of sympathy—it was all the help which Sweden-Norway bestowed upon their Danish brethren. Sardinia commenced its march to the unity of Italy by going to the Crimean war with England and France. An active assistance from the part of Sweden-Norway would undoubtedly have led to the Scandinavian union. It did not take place; the Danes in North Sleswick were lost, and the Scandinavian idea, for the moment, dead.

Meanwhile, when retracing the national movement of the North, we must admit that much has been accomplished in the literary and scientific field. There is still a continuous series of important meetings of men from the Scandinavian countries, not only of students, but of physicians, lawyers, naturalists, and other men of practice and study. None of these meetings had greater practical consequences than a series of international economical congresses, of which the one in Copenhagen, in 1873, led to the introduction of gold as standard and of monetary unity for the three kingdoms. In the same way agreements have been made about uniformity of laws on bills of exchange, about execution in the other countries of judgments obtained in one country, and some other less important matters.

The Danish-Norwegian language differs not so widely from the Swedish, but that Danes and Norwegians generally understand Swedish, without making a study of it, and *vice versa*. Yet a unity in literature cannot be said to exist. Books are translated from one language into the other when intended to be read by the great mass of the people. Some years ago, the most prominent linguists and authors in the three countries agreed upon certain innocent changes in orthography, with a view of simplifying and approximating the two languages. That students from a university in one country should be permitted to study at the universities of the other two countries—as the

case is in the several German states — is a *desideratum* not yet obtained.

In all foreign countries, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes generally recognize their common Scandinavian origin. This is, to a great extent, the case with the million of Scandinavians settled in the United States, and mostly living in compact masses north-west of the great lakes, although these immigrants belong to the lower classes often stereotyped in provincial differences.

Political "Scandinavism" is hardly at present a practical question. It is not difficult to demonstrate the eminent importance of a permanent political union between the three countries. This would not only be a valuable guarantee of, but is probably an absolute necessity for, a continued independent national life. The future of the three kingdoms depends upon such a union, and its practical realization presents no insurmountable obstacles. It ought to be a permanent, and therefore dynastic union, with unity in foreign affairs, means of defence, indirect taxation, mails, railways, telegraphs, and other means of communication. Such a project was expounded in a pamphlet which some years ago was published by the Danish journalist, C. Rosenberg, and which has a special interest because it is supposed to represent the ideas in the before-mentioned project of Baron de Geer. It recommends the establishment of a common parliament, sitting in the Swedish city of Gothenburg, and consisting of two houses, the lower one elected according to population, the upper one constituted through indirect election of an equal number of representatives from each of the three separate legislatures. It is, however, very improbable that a project like this can be realized with the present political forces. The men who, in their youth, promised to live and die for this cause, are, certainly, the present leaders in the three countries, and some of them are even members of the several cabinets. The majority of intelligent men recognize, probably, also the advantages of an union; and even the antipathy of the Norwegians against any extension of the union with Sweden would cease existing when Denmark became a third member, some of the most violent opponents against Sweden — the poet Björnson, for instance — being at the same time champions for "Scandinavism"; but the difficulty is that there is no absolute necessity for the union, as the case was in Italy, for instance, and without any such pressure there is not sufficient initiative force nor strength enough to overcome the difficulties in changing the present

political forms and realizing the idea. It is truly remarked that the forms of states generally are the results of wars, as metals are melted by fire. They are generally shaped by outward events, not after premeditated political action. A Scandinavian union will be in the interest of Germany. Denmark alone will never be a reliable ally of its great southern neighbor; it has too much cause to fear an annexation; but the three united kingdoms will not run the same risk of losing their independence through an alliance with Germany. On his former hunting excursions in Sweden, Prince Bismarck frequently expounded his favorite idea of an alliance between the three great Protestant and Teutonic races: the German, the Scandinavian, and the English; and this idea is scarcely strange to the statesmen in Stockholm. Russia, on the other side, need not, on account of Finland, to apprehend any danger from a Scandinavian union, as the Finlanders, with their Finnish origin, Swedish civilization, and Swedish-speaking upper classes, manifest their satisfaction with their independent position under the Emperor of Russia. A Scandinavian union would certainly be a hindrance for any Russian scheme for acquiring the northern ice-free seaports in Norway, but Russia nourishes, at all events hardly at present, such ambitious plans. It is not probable that small states can preserve their independence under the present political aspects, especially when they have no particular *raison d'être*. The time has passed when a small country like Denmark — as still was the case during the last war with Germany — can be the stronger at sea; and the position of Sealand with Copenhagen as the key to the Baltic, will, in case of an European war, incite the great powers to a speedy occupation. It is easy to give reasons for coming changes, but it is difficult to forebode the ways of history. They are, in this case, not likely to be traced by the nations themselves, nor according to their best interests.

N. C. FREDERIKSEN.

THE MYTH OF IDUN.

In the records of old Norse mythology, the following myth is told: The goddess Idun has some apples, which are able to make the gods young again whenever they taste them. The god Loke was once caught by the giant Thjasse, and in order to obtain release he solemnly swore to bring Idun and her apples out of the home of the gods, Asgard. To fulfil his promise, Loke went to Idun and told her that he had found, outside of Asgard, an orchard where apples were growing, not only

more beautiful, but more potent than hers. Idun followed Loke out of Asgard. But immediately she was caught by Thjasse, clad in his eagle-plumage, and carried away to his home, Jotunheim. The gods in Asgard grew old and wrinkled; and when it was found that Loke had allured Idun outside of the home of the gods, he was forced, by threats of torture and death, to promise to bring her safely back to Asgard, if Freyja, the goddess of love, would lend him her falcon-plumage. She did so; and, finding that Thjasse was out at sea fishing, Loke flew to Jotunheim, transformed Idun into a swallow, and flew with her back toward Asgard. But Thjasse returned, missed Idun, put on his eagle-plumage, and flew after them. From the walls of Asgard the gods saw Loke and Idun returning; but the shadow of the broad wings of Thjasse approached them and darkened the light of the sun. Then the gods placed outside of the walls bundles of fagots, to which they set fire. Loke and Idun soared high above the flames; but Thjasse, who followed, was unable to change the course of his flight. The fire caught his plumage; he sank into the flames and perished.

Let us look at the ethical beauty and eternal truth of this myth. Idun is the symbol of the thought of immortality,—that thought of immortality which leads to activity in life, not that which only can sigh for an unmerited bliss of another world. Her apples renew the strength of the gods. They are the fruits of poetry, of art, of music, of science, of religion. These are the renewing forces of the life of gods and men. When the soul tastes them, the eye brightens with hope and enthusiasm, the forehead grows smooth and clear, the power of youth seizes upon the body, over which the snow of years might else have crept. Loke is the god of doubt; not that doubt which leads humanity to its greatest triumphs in science and philosophy, but that doubt which sinks into the heart, takes away faith in truth and beauty, and leaves nothing but barrenness and desolation. Loke is intelligent; he sees and understands clearly the principles of life; he is able to discern between darkness and light; intelligently he understands and grasps every question. But he is unable to make a final choice; he cannot once for all take part with light or with darkness, with the evil or the good. This lack of ability to choose makes Loke the god of hundreds and thousands of men and women of to-day. Thjasse is the personification of the blind destructive forces of nature, the darkness of that

night in which no stars gleam, the coldness of winter, the horror of the desolate mountain regions of the far North; he has no life himself; he does not live, in the full sense of this word, and therefore he hates life, eternal life. To possess Idun and her apples, to keep them in his power so that even the gods may feel the burden of advancing years, is the fulfilment of the most vehement desire of this personification of the material interests of the world.

Let us now look upon the details of the myth: The idea of immortality—either in its form of personal immortality, or in its more modern form of the immortality of the race, of the universe—is that idea which has regenerated the human race in periods of darkness, barbarism, and doubt. Materialism in its crudest form, Thjasse, will never gain a complete victory before this thought has died out of the human heart and the human conscience. But materialism itself is not strong enough even to hope of a result like this; therefore Loke is employed. He does not meet Idun in the rude form of Thjasse; he is like the serpent, smooth, crafty, and glittering. He has choice words on his tongue, and does not lose control of himself, even in moments of danger and fear. By promising Idun apples more beautiful than her own, he succeeds in alluring her outside the gates of Asgard. Whenever the human spirit has strayed far away from the home of the immortal gods—the ideas which sustain human life—it has been to gain and occupy realms wider and greater than those before known. But Idun leaves Asgard unprotected by the gods of love, of strength, of poetry, alone with the god of doubt. The result follows: Thjasse comes in his eagle-plumage—the symbol of the raw strength of the greedy desires of nature; and he carries her away. Her cries are not even heard; and Loke smiles, the smile which is no sign of true satisfaction, but a sign of his hatred toward light and life. Then the gods are left alone; they feel that the renewing forces no longer exist amongst them. Sickness and old age and decay creep over them. Is it not always the case that whenever the immortal ideas are buried inside of the home of destruction and doubt, then humanity suffers? It feels that life is not worth living; it looks down toward the earth, not daring to lift the gaze up to the sky, with its eternal promises, the stars. The living spirit might be caught thus by scholasticism, or materialism, or dogmatism, or fanaticism; the result is the same—gods and men grow old and weak.

The gods assemble ; they come together to seek advice. What a meeting ! How often have we not witnessed it in the history of the world, in the history of the individual man or woman ? The last force is aroused ; the feeling of self-preservation revives ; advice is sought ; the cry bursts from the lips, "Where is she, Idun, with her golden apples ?" Doubt, which brought the destruction, alone may bring the relief. The god of doubt alone is able to bring Idun back to the home of gods and men. But he cannot do it by his own power ; he must have the falcon-plumage of Freyja, the goddess of love.

Let us pause for a few moments at the concept of Freyja. Like the Greek Aphrodite, she is the daughter of the god of the sea. With their slow thoughts, and their slow emotions, and their slow expressions of them, the Norse race lack the distinctness of form, the vividness of impression, the strong color of the Greeks. The goddess of love in Greece rises in the morning of life from the sunlit waves of the Ægean Sea. Her beauty is certainly more dazzling, her birth more dramatic, her aspect more captivating, than that of her sister of the extreme North ; but both of them are daughters of the sea. The sea is the symbol of the human heart. In the morning of life, love rises from the heart as Aphrodite rises from the glittering waves. In the morning of life Freyja is born ; but morning and life come late in a Northern zone. Freyja is more of the wife and less of the maiden than Aphrodite ; here is the difference between Greek and Norse mythology. The goddess of love rises from the sea—the symbol of the human heart, with its deep currents, its sunlit surface, its starry loneliness, its moonlit romanticism, its wild dashing waves of passion, and its deep and endless sighings. And when the god of doubt will restore to gods and men the immortal Idun and her golden fruits, he must go on his errand clad in the feather-plumage of Freyja, on the broad wings of light and love ; and thus he must succeed. Thjasse is absent—materialism is always absent when intellect and heart are joined—and Idun follows Loke. She has been long held a captive within the cold dark dismal home of the enemy of life, where time did not exist for her. When she heard the dripping waters falling from the caves of her desolate prison she did not count the drops—she felt that time, which might have been spent in sunlight and in work, was drifting away like the clouds that are never seen again. She had felt a void about her heart ; she had felt that her life, once so beneficent, might be wasted within the prison cell

of the enemy of life and love, truth and beauty. But on the wings of love intellect came to her, and she borrowed the shape of the swallow and flew back to her home—the home where she was born, which held all the thoughts of her youth, and where she was not only needed, but was indeed essential to life. It is the swallow that brings the message of spring to those distant countries in the North, which winter binds in ice during eight and nine months of the year. No wonder that the goddess of immortality, the bringer of all life, returns in the shape of a swallow, and humanity and the gods yearn and sigh for her return. On the walls of their home they stand waiting, while their eyes grow dim with piercing the clear blue skies to see if perchance some far-off dark point may foretell the coming of the longed-for messenger ; and at last she appears, borne on the soft swift wings of the swallow, and beside her Loke in the plumage of Freyja ; and hope rises again in the hearts of the gods. She comes : they will once more taste her golden apples ; they will again hear the notes of music, the strains of poetry, the strong words of philosophy, the consoling hymns of religion. They will again see the beauties of color, of form, of nature. They will again live the life which is the only life—the life that is indeed worth living. But a shadow appears ; he comes, the destroyer, he who has so long held Idun against her will, but whose power she herself was not strong enough to break. Now he follows her. The shadows broaden ; he is nearer. Powerless, helpless, their strength departed, the gods stand waiting for her who alone is able to revivify their powers ; and nearer and nearer comes the foe who has destroyed and may again destroy their hopes, their future, their life. Anxiety reigns in the home of the gods. See how they stand there on the walls, wringing their hands, tears in their eyes, hope and fear struggling in their hearts ! Yet still Thjasse pursues ; the shadow of his broad wings darkens the sun ; he threatens to overtake Idun. But the gods remember the means of safety. Outside the walls they light a fire : it is the fire which every human soul must experience—the fire which separates the gold from the alloy. Loke, in Freyja's plumage, and Idun, are able to soar high ; the smoke, the destructive forces of the fire, cannot reach them. Those who bring the messages of life, and hope, and love, and truth, and beauty, ever soar high ; the smoke of the world cannot reach them ; the burning fires, even those outside of the homes of the gods, do not send flames high enough to touch them. But

Thjasse, heavy as he is with material grossness, born to fly over the swamps and mosses of the world, cannot change his course; he cannot even stop and retire; he tries the impossible—to go into the fire through which not even the gods can go, the fire guarding the eternal home to which Idun returns with her golden treasures.

She returns; and with her coming, hope and life and love and strength are young again. She returns,—the hope of immortality in the hearts of gods and men. She returns; the ice of winter melts away; spring calls from earth the flowers, from trees the buds. Thjasse perishes in the fire; birds sing, waves roll and sigh, Freyja is young again, and life becomes eternal.

Fully to comprehend this myth, it needs to be known that in the Norse mythology it is only related by Brage, the god of poetry and music, of harmony and sympathy,—the lover and husband of Idun.

R. E. VOLA.

THE FIRST NORWEGIAN IMMIGRATION TO THE AMERICAN NORTHWEST.

The Scandinavian society in America has not contributed largely to the culture of their new country; nor does it take any part in national development at home. This might be a lesson for that school which looks to the lower stratum as to the bearer of the truly national development. It is much more satisfactory to look upon our countrymen in America when inquiring for the material foundation of the new western society. There they are a power. We find them furnishing a large number of the sailors on the Lakes. From the earliest times they have the reputation of being the first out in spring, and the last on the sea in fall, and, on the whole, the best element for the great seafaring interest of the Northwest. We find them furnishing good honest work in the large lumber camps in the immense forests of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. We find them drawing the copper and the iron out of the mines in Michigan, and coal from the ground in Iowa, and more precious metals in the western territories. They work in the large factories of agricultural machinery, plows, and wagons, in Moline, Racine, Stoughton, Madison, and other cities; in the flour-mills in Minneapolis; in the saw-mills in La Crosse, Eau Claire, Black River Falls, Oshkosh, and other Wisconsin towns, in Clinton and Sabula in Iowa, in Muskegon, Ludington, and Manistee in Michigan; in the furniture factories in Rockford, Chicago, and other places, etc. They furnish servant-

girls to thousands of American families. They are everywhere esteemed as the best element in the great working class. It is still more interesting to see them as farmers, producing on their own account one-half of the wheat in Minnesota and Dakota, corn in Illinois and Nebraska, and wheat again in Wisconsin and Kansas. Having commenced as pioneers, they continue this profession, and are, especially the Norwegians, generally to be found on the western limits of civilization. As first-comers, they have taken up nearly all land along the rivers and lakes in Dakota. In the old settlements we see them as rich farmers, with substantial two-story houses and large herds of cattle, often with the small old log cabin yet standing near the new home. It is said to be possible to travel three hundred miles through Wisconsin over La Crosse into southern Minnesota and northern Iowa, from one Scandinavian farm to another. Our countrymen are everywhere regarded as good citizens, peaceable and amalgamating with the Americans better than any other foreign nationality, the latter probably the easier, as they have not much culture before they emigrate. They bring to the new western people the Teutonic blood, nearer related to the Anglo-Saxon blood than that of two-thirds of the other population of the States. Whether we look at the race itself, or at the wealth produced by them, they have contributed considerably to the new western states.

It is of interest to study the beginning of the Scandinavian immigration, because we already then find the motives which are ruling in the present great popular movement. Already from the very first, most of them came to ameliorate their position. They came from the poorest valleys of the Scandinavian mountains, with meagre soil, severe climate, and isolated location. Some of the stronger elements emigrated from these parts of the old country as soon as they received reliable information about the better prospects of the western hemisphere. With exception of the Mormons, hardly any at present emigrate for the sake of religion; but at that time peculiar religious opinions were often one of the motives, especially for the leaders; for even if there were no direct persecutions, there was then not yet full liberty at home. For a number of individuals special personal motives played a part. The lack of knowledge about the States was at that time far greater than at present. But even now most of the information is given through letters from settlers, and even now returning immigrants of the peasant class have more influence

than books and other descriptions; even now the emigration is opposed by the higher classes, especially by the officials of church and state; even now there is a good deal of ignorance about the true situation in the new country. The first emigrants were told that they ran the risk of being sold into slavery to the Turks, or killed by the Indians, or devoured by monsters of sea and land.

The first party that left for the United States is said to have been the "Sloop-folks," who sailed from the city of Stavanger, in Norway, on July 4, 1825, in the sloop "The Restauration," fifty-three persons in number, poor people who had united their small means for the purchase of the ship and other expenses. One Lars Larsen seemed to have been the foremost leader. Another prominent immigrant was Gudmund Haukaas, who later turned Mormon. The real instigator was, however, a man by the name of Kleng Pedersen, or Person Hesthammer, from a place called Hesthammer, in Tysvær, in the parish of Skjold; he had emigrated as early as 1821, and had returned to Norway in 1824. He is described as a young peasant who had married a well-to-do elderly lady, and who, through this ill-mated marriage, came on a bad footing, first with his friends and at last with his wife. He turned a Quaker, and is said to have been sent by his brethren, together with another man by the name of Knud Eie, to report about America. It is told how the "Sloop-folks" happened to find a hogshhead of wine in the sea near Madeira, and how they got drunk, so that they only with the greatest difficulty came into port. Some of the party staid at Rochester, New York, in the counties of Kendall and Morris, where they paid five dollars per acre of land, and where they for a long time lived, twenty-four persons together in one log cabin, under great difficulties, and with only two acres of land in cultivation for the second year. In 1835, Kleng Pedersen went to Illinois with a number of his companions, and settled at Fox River, near Ottawa, where they laid the first foundation to the later large Norwegian settlements in La Salle and Kendall counties. Kleng Pedersen himself is described as an adventurer, who could not stay anywhere, but who liked to travel thousands of miles on foot, generally with but twenty-five cents in his pocket; but they remained there, because he everywhere made his living by his skill as a story-teller, and was satisfied with very little. In 1837, he founded a new colony in Missouri; later, again, he made an unfortunate attempt at colonizing in Pennsyl-

vania. For awhile he lived as a married man in the Swedish colony of Eric Janson, in Illinois, and died at last in Bosque, Texas, where a Norwegian settlement is still found.

In 1835, Knud Slogviken, one of the companions of Kleng, returned to Norway. People travelled very long distances to hear his reports, and the result was the emigration of two parties, one from Stavanger, in 1836, and one from Bergen, in 1837. The emigrants from Stavanger, mostly from the mountains of Hardanger, about one hundred and fifty in number, went to the colony in Illinois. The party from Bergen, mostly from Sandanger and Vos, happened in Chicago to meet Björn Andersen Kvalve, father of the well-known author, Prof. R. B. Anderson. Björn described the situation of the colony at Fox River as so miserable, that the new-comers decided to go down to Beaver Creek, in the present Iroquois county, seventy miles south of Chicago, where Scandinavian settlements are still in existence. They found this region low and marshy, and many died from malarial fever, amongst whom was Ole Rynning, the son of a clergyman in Snaasen, Norway, and a graduate from the University of Christiania. He is described as a noble-minded, philanthropic man. He, together with Knud Monsen Aadland and Niels Langeland, seems to have been the leader of this party. Most of the colonists soon left Beaver Creek, and went to the settlement at Fox River.

In 1837, three families from Upper Thelemark joined the Fox River settlement; amongst them Gunder Gautesen Midboen and Erik Gautesen Midboen, this last later becoming a Mormon. In 1838, a book by Mr. Rynning was published in Norway, "a true account of America," called *Amerika Bogen*, or, the book about America, and was read everywhere by the people. On the 17th of May, 1839, the anniversary of the Norwegian constitution, a vessel left the town of Skien with forty persons from Tin and Hjertdal in Upper Thelemark; in Gothenburg they were joined by another party from Stavanger. They came to Milwaukee, and there met with an old settler by name of Walker, who told them about the bad climate of Illinois. Mr. Walker presented to them two persons, one strong and healthy, the other most miserable looking, and said, "There you see a man from Wisconsin and one from Illinois." The immigrants decided not to go to the Fox River settlement, and went to Lake Muskego, in Waukesha county, only fourteen miles from Milwaukee. The country was marshy, but looked dry

during the summer; pleased with the timber openings and lakes, they resolved to settle there, and bought government land at \$1.25 per acre, each man forty acres. They lived on friendly terms with their neighbors, the Indians, but suffered from fever and ague, and later, in 1849-50, from the cholera brought by new-comers; and only a few of the original settlers staid. Larger and more prosperous settlements were formed a little farther south, in Norway, Waterford, Raymond, and Yorkville, in the county of Racine. Some of the motives for the emigration of these settlers, who mainly came from Thelemark, were: the great dependency of the peasants of Upper Thelemark on two wealthy lumbermen, Bent Blair and Diderik Cappelen, as all their earnings depended on the work they could get from these men; and the hard work or *corvée* on the estate of Mr. Lövenskjöld in Lower Thelemark. A travelling preacher, by name of Elling Eielsen, who belonged to the strong religious party called the Haugians, from their leader Hans Nielsen Hauge, came together with Sören Backe, a son of Tollef Backe, a merchant of Drammen, and Mr. Johannessen, a trusted clerk in the service of Mr. Backe, and others, to America, and went at first to the settlement in La Salle county, Illinois. E. Eielsen exercised later, until his recent death, a great influence on the whole religious movement amongst the Norwegians in America. The party moved shortly afterward to Wind Lake, in Racine county. Induced by their home letters, Mr. Even Heg, an innkeeper in Lier, came with another party the next year, and joined the new and considerable settlement in Racine county. They built the first church, called the Muskego church, and Mr. Even Heg's barn offered for a long time shelter to numerous poor immigrants. A son of his was Col. Hans Heg, who raised a Scandinavian regiment during the war and fell in the battle of Chickamauga, in 1863. For a while an Indian mound served as a store, and even as the printing office of the first Scandinavian newspaper in America, called *Nordlyset*, started in 1847; amongst its editors was the later well-known and highly merited editor of the Chicago *Skandinaven*, Mr. Knud Langeland. In 1837, Hans Barlien, a man of republican and free-thinking tendency, originally from Overhalden, arrived, and he sent many encouraging letters home. It was, however, not until Elling Henriksen Spillum, in 1844, had reported favorably about America that a number of the population north of Thronheim joined the settlement at Yorkville. Many from this part

of Norway went later to northern Iowa and southern Minnesota. Some were induced to emigrate from these regions by a son and a married daughter of one Aasved, an impoverished member of the *Storthing*.

In 1838, Ole Aasland started from Tönsberg with twenty poor companions, whose expenses he paid. The party went first to Indiana, where some of them died, and moved later to Morriton, near Rochester, New York.

In 1837, two brothers, Ole Knudsen and Ansten Nattestad, started from Vægli, in Nummedal. They had heard from Knud Slogviken about the new country, and they finally decided to emigrate after a visit to Mr. Even Nubbru, a member of the *Storthing*, in Sigdal. He told them what he had read in a German newspaper: that America had the best laws in the world. They saw how hard it was to find a living at home except by manual work on a farm. Trade and commerce were bound by the laws about the privileges of the trade corporations and of the cities. Ansten was furthermore a zealous Haugian, and was as such dissatisfied with the state church. The two brothers only took along their clothes, a satchel, and their snow-shoes. They came first to Chicago, and went from there to the unfortunate settlement at Beaver Creek. In 1840, Ole Knudsen went up to the later Rock county, Wisconsin, and was the first settler on the fertile Jefferson Prairie near Clinton, which later was settled by Nummedöler in the north, and Vossinger in the south. Ansten Nattestad returned to Norway, but came over again in 1839 with one hundred and fifty persons, mostly from Nummedal and Thelemark. Some of them staid in Rock Run, Stephenson county, Illinois, and others went to Rock Prairie, in Rock county, Wisconsin. In 1840-1, the first Norwegian settlers came into the settlement of Koskonong, in the south-eastern part of Dane county. In one of the townships the before-mentioned father of Prof. Anderson, Björn Andersen, was the first settler. He is described as an independent character who, either as a Quaker or as a free-thinker, disagreed with the reigning opinion in Norway. He had married Miss Krogh, a daughter of a Gen. Krogh, a marriage which was not well seen by her family. This was another reason for his leaving Norway. He worked for a couple of years as a cooper in the Fox River settlement, Illinois, but went later two hundred miles north, to find a home on one of the rich oak openings in Dane county. He led here the usual hard life of a pioneer, and had during the first

years never more than six cents cash in his possession. Already in 1838, Gunnul Olsen Vindeg, from Rollaug, in Nummedal, had taken land in another township of Dane county, and was later followed by a number of men from Nummedal and Vos. Some persons from Hedemark are said to have been induced to emigrate through letters from Mr. Johann Nordbo from Ringebo, a self-made itinerant physician, who was one of the companions of Kleng Pedersen. G. C. Paoli, D.M., of the well known Essendrop family, late professor at Rush college, Chicago, and still living and practicing there in his full vigor, came, in 1846, to Koskonong together with Christian Schjötte (who died as state physician in Nordland, Norway), and stayed there for some time. Later, Johan Dass or Dundas, D.M., settled in Cambridge, Dane county, where he is still living, highly respected by his townsmen. These later settlements differed from the first in their fertility and following prosperity. The first church belonging to the regular Norwegian state church was built in the settlement of Koskonong in 1844, with Rev. Dietrichson as minister. About at that time settled on Rock Prairie the Danish Rev. Claussen, who later became well known and highly esteemed as the president of the Norwegian-Danish Conference of North America. Another church was built as early as 1846 at Lisbon, Kendall county, Illinois, also belonging to what later has been developed into the Norwegian-Danish Conference of North America. Details about these first Norwegian settlements in Wisconsin can be found in the *Skandinavisk Billedmagazin*, edited in 1869 in Madison, Wisconsin, by Prof. Svein Nilson, the present editor of the Chicago *Skandinaven*.

The entire Norwegian population in the United States did, in 1850, not outnumber thirteen thousand. Of these about nine thousand were living in Wisconsin, and two thousand five hundred in Illinois. As well the Swedish as the Danish immigration to the Northwest commenced much later than the here mentioned first Norwegian; and the Danish immigration has not until lately become equal in number to the Norwegian. The well-known Danish schoolmaster and politician Rasmus Sørensen resembled, in several respects, some of the first Norwegian leaders, as was also the case with some of the first-comers amongst the Swedes, for instance, the sectarian Eric Janson, the leader of the first great modern Swedish immigration; but also this very interesting and remarkable movement, which contributed so much to the settling of Illinois, did not take place until 1845-6.

HENRIK IBSEN.

III.

Great works of art and literature so strongly exhibit the peculiar characteristics of the genius producing them, that it takes time for any individual man or woman fully to recognize the whole extent of their greatness. When seeing for the first time a Madonna of Raphael, a statue of Michael Angelo, or a drama of Shakespeare, no person is capable of appreciating it fully; the admiration expressed is for the famous name more than for the work. The productions of a genius must be studied. He must be allowed, by and by, to lift his reader or spectator up to his level. This accounts for the fact that genius is seldom recognized at once. The more developed the faculties of a man are, the more of a character he is, the less sensitive he is to impressions coming from the world outside of him. Therefore, the more cultured the public is which a poet addresses, the longer it will be before he makes any impression. This may account for the relatively late recognition of Henrik Ibsen as a poet, and of "*Kongs-Emnerne*" ("The Crown-Pretenders") as the greatest tragedy in modern Norse literature; for it is chiefly the educated classes for whom Ibsen writes.

The time when Ibsen worked on this drama was a time of adversity and self-probation. Misunderstood by the world, almost ostracized from society, an object of severe and unfair criticism, which did not even respect the sanctity of home, the poet shut his door and remained alone with himself, his beloved ones, and his mission in the world. He questioned himself about his right to live and work as a poet; he placed himself before the judgment-bar of his conscience, pleading for and against himself; he plunged to the bottom of his soul to explore the sources of his thoughts and emotions, and he gave to the world the result of days of hope and nights of doubt.

The theme of the drama is the right of genius. What does Ibsen understand by this word? The answer is given by the evil but intelligent Bishop Nikolas, in the great scene of the second act between him and Earl Skule, "the step-child of God on earth," the man with great qualities, with a boundless ambition, but without that blessed gift which enables a man to fulfil his work on earth without sickly dreams of a greatness which never is bestowed upon anyone but the favorites of the eternal gods.

EARL SKULE.

Answer me, reverend sir; but answer me with truth. Why does Haakon go so straight forward without any

doubt? He is not more prudent than you, nor bolder than I.

BISHOP NIKOLAS.

Who performs the greatest feat in the world?

EARL SKULE.

The greatest man.

BISHOP NIKOLAS.

And who is the greatest man?

EARL SKULE.

The bravest.

BISHOP NIKOLAS.

Thus the chieftain speaks. A minister might say, the greatest believer,—a sage, the most learned man. But it is none of them, earl. The most fortunate man is the greatest man. The most fortunate is the one who performs the greatest feats,—he upon whom the demand of the time comes; who conceives thoughts which he does not understand himself, thoughts which show him the way; he does not know whither it leads, but he walks it, and must walk it until he hears the people shriek with rapture, and he looks around with wide open eyes, and wonders, and understands that he has performed a great feat . . .

It is what the Romans called *ingenium*.

How significant this is to Ibsen's state of mind at that time! The question which again and again arose in his soul, was this: Art thou a genius? Hast thou a new thought to give to the world? A new view upon human life? For if this were not the case, Ibsen knew that he had no right to demand the attention of the world. He did not want to be one of the many who only could "repeat the old *saga*," who could tell the old story over again, but add nothing new, nothing of his own. Ibsen would be one of the scatterers of the seeds of thought, and "*Kongs-Emnerne*" is an illustration of the struggle between doubt and self-reliance, which raged in his soul.

The action of the tragedy is laid in the first half of the thirteenth century. At that time Norway suffered from the results of about one hundred years' feuds between a number of *Kongs-Emner*, i. e. men who, on account of their birth, had some right to, or hope of, the Norwegian crown. The mountainous character of the country favored the development of numerous tribes, all of whom showed but little inclination to yield to any chieftain who was not born within their province. A man of that period did not consider himself a Norwegian, but, first of all, a member of the tribe to whom he belonged by chance of birth. Amongst these divergent elements a genius appears. Håkon Håkonsøn is the man destined by God to awaken in the hearts of the Norwegian men and women the sense of their common origin and nationality. "The Norway of Harald and Olaf," he says, "is to be likened to a church which has not yet re-

ceived the consecration. The walls are strengthened by lofty pillars, the arch of the ceiling spans it, the spire points upward like a pine in the forest; but the life, the beating heart, the fresh stream of blood, does not pulsate through the work; God's vivifying spirit is not breathed into it; it has not received the consecration! I will bring this consecration: Norway was a kingdom, it shall be a people . . . All shall be one, hereafter, and all shall recognize and feel that they are one. This is the mission which God laid on my shoulders; this is the deed which a king in Norway now must do." Håkon has an idea to live for; he feels the responsibility which every man feels who has received such godly gifts. He knows he has the right—the only true right in this world, the right which any man has who suffers himself to be the channel through which eternal ideas flow into human life. How strong Håkon is! His wife is the daughter of his most bitter antagonist, his most dangerous enemy, Earl Skule; and he loves this wife of his, "the light and the glamour of his way." And yet, when necessity urgently bids it, when there is great danger for the idea which constitutes his life, he does not hesitate to pass the sentence of death on his wife's father. But she believes in him, as he believes in his right, and the gentle powers which shield him all his life through—as gentle powers always shield the man who is true to himself—do not suffer him to execute the sentence. Håkon believes in himself and his mission, and therefore he believes in the eternal ethical principle of the universe. "Are there two kings in Norway?" he says; "well, there is but one in heaven—and he will certainly make it all right!"

In opposition to this strong and self-reliant character, who at last succeeds in uniting and pacifying the diverging elements of the country, Ibsen places Earl Skule. Endowed with great natural gifts, with prudence, with courage, with ambition, he has passed years of his life suffering by seeing men on the throne of Norway who in no respect were equal to him. They sat there on account of a formal right of birth, and Skule waited and waited, year after year, that his time might come:

EARL SKULE.

When Guthorm Sigurdssøn was elected king, I stood in the full strength of my youth; it was as if a voice cried loudly within me: Away with the child,—I am the full-grown, the strong man!—but Guthorm was the son of a king. There was an abyss between me and the throne . . . Then Erling Steinvæg was chosen king of the Slittings. Again the voice cried within me: Skule is a greater chieftain than Erling Steinvæg! But all

relations to the *Birkebejner* had to be broken,—it was the abyss then . . . I waited for Guthorm's death.

BISHOP NIKOLAS.

And Guthorm died, and Inge Baardssøn, your brother, became king.

EARL SKULE.

Then I waited for the death of my brother. He was sick from the very first; every morning when we met at the holy mass, I sat looking if his sickness was increasing. Each draught of pain which blew over his face was to me like a breeze in the sail to carry me nearer the throne. Each sigh in which he sought relief for his woe and his smart, sounded to me like horns and bassoons far away in the mountains, like messengers who came from afar to announce that I might take the sceptre. Thus I uprooted each kind, fraternal thought; and Inge died, and Haakon came, and the *Birkebejner* chose him their king.

Skule is not born to be a king. His ambition outreaches his abilities; and a lurking doubt within himself tells him the truth. "I am a king's arm, maybe a king's head, too; but he is the full king." Skule has but one enemy; but this enemy dwells within his bosom; it is his self-doubt. He is restless, he is sleepless, he cannot take a resolution, and act according to it; he ponders and ponders over possibilities; he weighs *pro* and *con*; he has no sure ground under his feet, because he cannot bend his head, cannot humbly take the position appointed to him in the world, do his work on earth, live and die unnoticed, unrecognized. In the structure of the world he will not become a common stone; he wants to be an ornament. But ornaments are scarce, and only effective when used with discretion. Those who have been, and are, the ornaments of the world, did not become such by their own choice; they were called upon, and their only merit is to have answered to the call.

Ibsen has drawn the character of Skule with wonderful skill and sympathy. There is an almost immeasurable self-study behind his representation of this personification of doubt. The poet understands and feels for Skule; he has lived with him through joyless days and sleepless nights. The scenes between the earl and Jatgejr Bard show how Ibsen has sounded the dark waters of doubt:

SKULE.

Tell me, Jatgejr, how did you become a bard? Who taught you the art?

JATGEJR.

That art is not taught.

SKULE.

Not? But how did it happen?

JATGEJR.

I got the gift of sorrow, and then I was a bard.

SKULE.

Is sorrow the gift the bard needs?

JATGEJR.

I needed sorrow; others may need faith, or joy—or doubt . . .

SKULE.

Also doubt?

JATGEJR.

Yes; but then must the man who doubts be strong and fresh.

SKULE.

Whom do you call an *unfresh* doubter?

JATGEJR.

The man who doubts his own doubt.

SKULE (*slowly*.)

It seems to be death.

JATGEJR.

It is still worse; it is twilight.

SKULE.

What gift do I need to become a king?

JATGEJR.

Not doubt; for then you would not ask.

SKULE.

What gift do I need?

JATGEJR.

Sire, are you not a king?

SKULE.

Do you always fully believe that you are a bard?

Kongs-Emnerne fulfils all the demands of the modern tragedy. The chief persons represent two contending ideas, two different views of human life. Håkon is the champion of a new era, the representative of the future, while Skule is the defender of the old *saga*, the representative of the past. The cause he advocates is doomed, although his efforts be never so great. Håkon has the "royal thought" which will bring peace and happiness to the country: "Norway was a kingdom; it shall become a people." When in the great scene in the third act Håkon pronounces this sentence, Skule is struck with abhorrence; like all bearers of a barren tradition, he is blind to the rays of the rising sun; he feels indignant, and considers himself called upon to oppose this new unheard-of theory. He gathers around him all the ardent adherents of the old state of things, and makes rebellion against the king. But the thought haunts him; he chases it away; it returns; again and again he declares it to be nonsense; it reappears with renewed force; in vain does he win a great victory over Håkon and his men; Håkon's idea wins a greater victory within Skule's bosom; he endeavors to hate it; yet he cannot but love it; it is the only idea worth living for. And he will live for it, will realize it; why can he not? Can he not take the ideas, as he takes the sword and the shield of his slain enemy? Skule tries to steal

Håkon's great thought. But from that moment all is lost. Defeat follows defeat. His men are slain or they desert him. Too late he recognizes how far he has erred from the way "to which God's finger pointed." He can no longer be permitted to live for Håkon's great royal thought, not even as its humblest servant; he can but die for it. "A man may die for the ideas of another; but if he will live, he must live for his own." And Skule seeks the peace and the rest of the grave.

The details of the drama are admirably wrought. It is written in a prose whose terse and strong sentences remind of the vigor of the old Norse *sagas*; there is not one superfluous scene, not one word which might be spared without harm. It is written with scenic representation in view and is intensely dramatic in its whole composition. One effective scene follows another, the interest of the audience is never suffered to flag, and few dramas offer the actors so many chances for exhibition of true scenic art. When well represented, it cannot fail to make a lasting impression on all men and women who do not fear to stand face to face with great problems, and who are able at once to shed a tear of sympathy at the grave of the past and to rejoice at the splendor of a new era.

THORKILD A. SCHOVELIN.

SAGAS FROM NORSE ANTIQUITY.

FROM THE DANISH OF ADAM OEHLenschlaeger BY JNO. B. MILLER.

HROLF KRAKE.

(Continued.)

Some time after, King Adils, by a sudden night attack, surprised and killed Helge. Yrsa wanted to avenge Helge's death, but she accepted a money fine, and seemed appeased. From this time, however, she became morose and fractious to such a degree that it was almost impossible to live with her. She was constantly thinking of vengeance.

Adils and his berserks became quite renowned after Helge's death. Adils was a great "Blood-man" (one who offered human or other bloody sacrifices); he sacrificed constantly to his gods, and practiced sorcery.

Svibdag, one of King Adils' principal warriors, became dissatisfied with the service because of the king's ingratitude and avarice. Svibdag's father advised him to go to the court of King Hrolf. "He is the best of men," said the father; "he is only proud and haughty toward his enemies, but is friendly and kind to the weak and needy, and to those who submit or do not defy him. He

is a powerful king, as he has made all the surrounding countries tributary to him."

Svibdag and his brother went to King Hrolf's court. When they offered their services the king said: "I had not thought of selecting my friends from among King Adils' men, yet, as I see you are valiant warriors, I will not turn you away." "Which is to be my seat?" asked Svibdag. "You can seat yourself alongside that man there; his name is Bialke; but leave room above for twelve men." Svibdag seated himself, and Bialke told him the seats left vacant were reserved for the king's berserks, when they returned home from their viking expeditions.

The summer passed quietly, and with the autumn came the berserks from the wars. According to custom, they went around the hall and asked the others present if they considered themselves as brave as the berserks were; different answers were made, but all admitted none could be compared with the berserks in valor. Svibdag alone would not admit any inferiority. He sprang up, swung his sword, and swore a great oath that he would not yield an inch for any or all of them. One of the berserks said to him: "If you are not afraid, then strike in my helm." Svibdag struck, but the helmet was so well tempered that his sword made no impression on it. Then began a regular combat, but Hrolf sprang between them and forbade the quarrel. He said they should be considered as equals, and must be comrades and friends.

King Hrolf sent word to his mother, Yrsa, and asked her for his father's treasures and jewels, which Adils had seized upon when he killed Helge. She bid him come himself to fetch them, and she would assist him all she could to recover them.

Several wars for a long time prevented Hrolf from making the intended visit to King Adils. Hrolf's capital and residence was Leire (the present Lethrabort), a large and strongly fortified city, noted for its hospitality and luxury, which at that time was greater there than in any other city in the North.

A powerful king named Hiorward married Skulda, Helge's daughter and Hrolf's half-sister. Once, at a feast, King Hrolf loosened his sword-belt, and, handing the sword to Hiorward, asked him to hold it while he buckled his belt. When Hrolf again took the sword, he said to Hiorward: "As you well know, custom has made it law that, whoever holds the sword for another while he buckles on his belt, admits himself the vassal of the owner of the sword; so you may as well sub-

mit, as all the rest have done." Hiorward became very angry at the trick Hrolf had played him, but he submitted, and paid his tribute the same as did the other petty kings.

At the close of a dark, murky, and rainy day, a man rode along near the Issefiord. The horse stumbled over something, in the dark, which the rider found to be a step in front of a hut. When he found the door, he asked the peasant who opened for shelter and food for himself and horse. He staid with the peasant that night. The guest was Bodvar Biarke, a renowned Norwegian hero, who had come hither from admiration of Hrolf and his warriors. The peasant told Bodvar he would be well received by the king, "for I see you are a large and strong man." At these words the peasant's wife began to cry. "What do you cry for, my good woman?" asked Bodvar. She answered: "Our son, Hott, went to the city a few days ago for his amusement; some of the king's men seized him and took him to the court, where they mock him and otherwise tease and ill-use him. It is, among other things, their pastime at meals to throw bones at him; and now I don't know if the poor boy is living or dead. If he is not already dead, I beg of you, as a reward for the hospitality we have shown you, that you will only throw the small bones at him. Your hand looks to me as if it was very powerful; and he could in nowise escape broken bones from your blows, unless you would kindly spare him, and treat him with leniency."

Next day Bodvar rode to Leire castle. He put his horse in the stables without asking anyone's permission, and went into the hall, where only a few men were present. After sitting there awhile, he heard a noise in a corner of the hall, and noticed a small dirty hand reaching out from a pile of bones. Bodvar found Hott among the bones, and asked, "What are you doing there?" Hott answered, "I am building myself a fortress." "A miserable and wretched place is your fortress," said Bodvar, as he pulled the boy out of the bone heap and scattered the bones. Cried Hott: "Will you then have me killed? You have destroyed my fortress, which was to protect me from all blows." Bodvar answered: "You will no longer need to build fortresses." He lifted the boy up, bid him stop crying, and carried him out to a watering-trough, where he washed him clean. After that he took the boy back into the hall and seated him by his side, where the boy trembled with fear, although he was satisfied Bodvar would protect him. When night came, the men poured into the hall. Hott

wanted to crawl back to his bone heap, but Bodvar prevented him. The courtiers now began their old play, but at the beginning they only threw the small bones at Bodvar and Hott. Bodvar pretended not to notice it, while Hott trembled with fear, so he could not eat. "Look," cried Hott, "there comes a large knuckle-bone; it will surely be your bane." Bodvar caught the large leg-bone that was thrown at him in mid-air, and sent it back to the one who threw it, and struck him with such force that it killed him on the spot. It made great disturbance in the hall, and word was at once sent to the king that a stranger warrior had killed one of his men. The king asked if the killing had been without provocation, but when he heard all the circumstances, he said: "Have you now again disgraced me by your shameless conduct in throwing bones at people? I have spoken of this before, but you have paid no attention to my words. This time it is not an unknown or mean man you have attacked; call him in." Bodvar advanced before the king and saluted him very modestly. The king asked his name, and if he was willing to pay a fine for the manslaughter. Bodvar answered: "No; the man fell in consequence of his own act." When the king asked Bodvar if he was willing to take the place of the man he had killed, he said: "Yes, but I will not be separated from Hott, whom I intend to make my comrade." The king answered: "Be it so, and although I cannot see much honor in store for me from his service, yet will I not begrudge him his food." As Bodvar would not sit in the seat formerly occupied by the man he had killed, he pulled two other men out of their seats, and there took his place with Hott, much to the annoyance of the men removed, as well as their friends; but as they were afraid of measuring strength with Bodvar, they submitted with as good grace as they could.

As the Yule-tide approached, the king's men appeared very downcast and anxious. Bodvar asked Hott for the reason of this, and was told that a terrible monster, with great wings, a sort of a dragon, on which no iron seemed to bite, had appeared on the two last Yule nights, and done grievous damage to the people by destroying a great many cattle. When the Yule night came, the king bid his men to stay indoors, and to be quiet and silent during the night, and "I strictly forbid any of my men to risk their lives against the dragon. Let it go with the cattle as best it may."

When all the household had gone to sleep, Bodvar, in spite of the king's behest, secretly left

the castle with Hott, who went with the fear of certain death. When they came near the monster, Hott yelled with fear. Bodvar threw him down on some straw, where he lay frightened nearly out of his senses. Bodvar, alone, then went against the monster and killed it, after a terrible fight. He then made Hott drink the warm blood of the dragon, and said: "Now, I hope, you will no longer be afraid of the king's courtiers." "No!" cried Hott, "not of any or all of them, nor even of yourself!" "That is well, comrade Hott," answered Bodvar. "Let us now set up the dragon, as if it still lived." They did so and went home, no one knowing they had been out, or what had happened.

Next morning, when the king heard the cattle were unscathed, he hurried out with his warriors to kill the monster. They soon saw it, standing perfectly still. "Now, comrade Hott," cried Bodvar, "come and shake off the poor opinion people have of you." "I am ready," answered Hott. Said the king: "I cannot understand how you have got this sudden courage." Hott answered: "Give me your sword, Golden-Hialte, then will I kill the monster or let my life." When Hott got the sword, he rushed at the dragon and plunged the sword through it, so it fell at once to the ground. "See ye now, sirs," cried Bodvar, "what a victory he has gained." The king answered: "Hott has not been alone about this thing; sooner should I think you had killed the monster." "Perhaps that is so," said Bodvar. "Few men can match you," said the king, "but this will I say: never did you so great a deed as when you made Hott a warrior. And now I order: from this day he shall no longer be called Hott, but his name shall be Hialte [hilt], after the sword, which I herewith give him."

As the winter advanced, the king's berserks were daily expected home. Bodvar asked Hialte how they usually acted. Hialte told him: "When they come into the hall, they stand before each man, first before the king, and ask if he can match himself with them in courage and prowess. The king answers, 'it is difficult to find such brave men as you are.' This he says more from courtesy than fear; for he knows their worth, as they have gained great victories for him."

While Hialte was still speaking, the great hall doors were opened and the king's twelve berserks, sheathed in iron and shining as though covered with ice, walked in. Bodvar asked Hialte if he dared fight with any one of them. "I am willing

to fight, not one alone, but all of them together," answered Hialte. The berserks now stepped up to the men present in the hall, with their usual queries. When one of them, however, asked Bodvar if he considered himself equal in prowess and courage, Bodvar said: "I do not allow a whelp like you to ask me such shameless questions," and with these words he picked up the steel-clad warrior as if he were a doll, and threw him to the ground. Hialte handled another of the berserks in the same manner. This, of course, made a great disturbance in the hall; swords were drawn and it looked as if there would be a regular battle. The king sprang up and bid all be at peace, and be friends. He said: "Now you can see there is nothing but it will sometime find its equal. I will have no fighting in my hall; if you keep it up it shall cost you your lives. Be as furious as you like when you go against my enemies, for then you will win both honor and booty."

Bodvar advised the king it was time to make the promised visit to King Adils to demand his patrimony. All the men were agreed to follow the king on this adventure, and assist him to the utmost.

Hrolf started for Sweden with a hundred men, besides his twelve berserks. On the way they came to a farm, where the peasant owner, who called himself Hrane, invited them to stay for a few days. The king asked: "Can you afford to entertain us, for there are a good many of us?" The peasant laughed and answered: "I have occasionally entertained greater numbers than you and your party. Stay with me, and you shall want for nothing." They put up with Hrane, who cared for them well, as also for their horses. The king talked with Hrane for a long time; and whatever subject was spoken of, or whatever question the king asked, he was answered wisely and well. During the night the cold became so intense as to make their teeth chatter. All, except Hrolf and his twelve berserks, covered themselves with all the clothes they could get hold of, to protect them from the cold. Next morning Hrane said to Hrolf: "You found it very cool last night, but this is nothing to the trials in store for you by King Adils, before you get through with him. If you wish to come away from this adventure with honor and renown, you must send back at least half your men; this time you will find it to be skill and judgment, and not numbers, which will affect the result." Hrolf followed Hrane's advice, and sent back fifty of his men. During the following night they were overcome

by such an extraordinary thirst that most of them sought the ale-cask. Hrolf stopped a third night. In the evening large fires were lighted, and kept up the whole night. The heat became so great that most of them had to leave their beds, as they could bear it no longer. When morning came, Hrane said: "Follow my advice, King Hrolf, and send back all your men except your twelve berserks, and ride with them alone to King Adils' castle, otherwise those men will shame you." Hrolf sent all his men home, except the twelve. When he and his twelve berserks rode into Upsala, all the people of the city crowded the streets and the housetops to see Hrolf and his followers with their splendid armor, swords, and helmets. They made their horses prance and thus made way through the crowd. King Adils received them with great show of friendship. Bodvar, however, distrusted the king, for as he dismounted from his horse he whispered to his servant to watch the horses well, so they should not come to harm. Adils in the meantime gave secret orders to cut the tails off Hrolf's horses, and clip their manes close to the neck. Hrolf and his men, each carrying a hawk on his shoulder, entered the hall safely, after escaping the snares laid and the pits that had been dug in the dark passage-way. Adils was in the high seat, but the hall was so dark they could scarcely recognize him; still they noticed a number of armed men hidden behind the hangings. These men immediately attacked Hrolf and his warriors, who, however, were prepared and received them promptly, and cut down a dozen of them with as many blows. When Adils saw his men falling in such numbers, he called on them to stop, and upbraided them for treacherously attacking his guests.

Adils had the corpses carried out and the hall cleaned. "Let us now," said he, "make a great feast for our friends, to show them how much we honor them." He had a great fire made. Pitch and dry chips were put on without stint. Hrolf and his warriors were seated next to the wall, with the fire between him and the door. They retained all their arms, and kept their swords in their hands ready for instant use. Adils and his men were seated on the other side of the fire, close to the doors. Adils said: "Put plenty of fuel on the fire, and make it blaze up, so I can get a good look at King Hrolf. I am sure you will not flee the fire, even if it does get a little warm." In this way Adils hoped to distinguish Hrolf from the others (they were all of the same size and clothed alike), so he could single him out for attack, as he thought the king would be less able to bear the strong heat than his war-

riors. Bodvar and the others seemed to read Adils' thoughts, and therefore screened Hrolf with their shields, but in such a way that it was not specially noticed. Hrolf had once made a vow never to flee from fire or steel, and now Adils hoped to destroy Hrolf, depending on this vow. Adils and his men withdrew further from the fire to the open side of the hall.

The fire now became so fierce that the clothes of the Danes were already burning. They then threw their shields on the fire and walked over it. Bodvar and Svibdag, each took one of the men attending the fire and threw him into it, saying: "We will eke out the fire in Adils' hall." Each one of Hrolf's warriors took a man, cast him into the fire, and said: "Now it is your turn to warm yourselves, for the service and trouble you have had on our behalf; we have been baked enough and need no more." Hrolf cried: "He does not flee the fire who passes through it." They made an attack on Adils, who fled and secreted himself in a hollow pillar in the hall, from whence there was a secret passage through which he reached Yrsa's apartments without being seen. Yrsa upbraided him for his treachery; and he dared not show himself before Hrolf.

[To be continued.]

PAUL AND VIRGINIA OF A NORTHERN ZONE.

FROM THE DANISH OF HOLGER DRACHMANN, BY TH. A. SCHROVELIN AND FRANCIS F. BROWNE.

(Continued.)

II.

Captain Andreas Spang stood outside of boat-builder Jonassen's shed. He had come limping down to the beach, leaning on a staff. On his last voyage he had hurt his leg, and was to stay at home one trip. The leg had improved; the heavy, portly man, with rather flushed face, and somewhat scanty hair combed forward over his ears, had at last got out of bed and out of doors. None of his friends and companions, the other seafaring captains, were, however, at home at this time of the year. Those who had "laid up" were too old and dull-witted for him, and he looked upon the fishermen and boatmen as simple folks, whom, of course, he might greet civilly and address a few words to, but with whom it was impossible for Captain Andreas Spang to hold much intercourse.

The captain felt lonesome.

It is trying to belong to the "upper crust" when a man is obliged to walk around alone and keep up his dignity.

At home, in the red-painted house with the green doors, the china dogs, and the humming-birds in the window, were only Nanna and an old woman, a kind of aunt of his late wife. His child he loved, to be sure; but the girl was not able to occupy him all the long day through; the less so, since she was often away on her own account, and — especially since her father had got out of bed — romped around outside the house. With the housekeeper he now and then quarrelled in his blustering way; but even that kind of recreation may grow monotonous in time. The old skipper really felt lonesome.

His two "women in the house," as he called them, had nursed him faithfully while in bed. He himself admitted that. But whether he would admit that he had been a difficult patient or not, was less certain. We know so little about ourselves; and, least of all, were the people of this coast inclined to a habit of introspection. Not for many years had the old captain been confined to his hammock so long at a time. It was perfect torture to him. He showed it by scolding and blustering like a small hurricane. He had a thunderous voice, and he made good use of it. Sometimes the thunder was accompanied by lightning: all objects within convenient reach were used as missiles. More than once the aunt and Nanna had been obliged to duck their heads, or retreat behind the door. Like most hot-headed persons, he repented his anger almost immediately, and resolved solemnly never again to use a pillow in any improper way. He kept this resolution, to be sure, — after he got well again. But his blustering habits had thus grown upon him, so that he could not throw them off without throwing himself off. He was really kind-hearted when at home, although passers-by might get a contrary impression. Toward his daughter he was very weak. She had a peculiar quiet way of meeting the storm, and, as soon as it had passed over, she spoke and acted just as she liked — as if there had been no storm at all. Then, when the frown reappeared on the old man's brow, and certain twitchings of his under lip indicated that the storm might return, the girl threw her arms around his neck and clung there until he showed signs of yielding. She adored the old man, possibly just because he was so weak. "It is impossible not to let that lass have her own way," he declared, not without a certain pride. He recognized the family blood in her.

But if his boisterousness was checked at home

by his own kind-heartedness, and especially by his complaisance toward his daughter, he sought amends when outside of his house. Although he could not properly be called quarrelsome, yet his obstinacy, his hot-headedness, and a certain pride, inherited from his forefathers, in being "the first man of the place," easily brought him into variance with those around him. The people of this coast were not gentle and plastic. Yet his standing with his friends and cronies, the other captains, was tolerably good. But to the custom-house officer on guard upon this coast, he could not be reconciled. He had an old standing feud with him, and the wound was unhealed by time. The common people of the town he kept, as before mentioned, at a certain distance. "A man must never be familiar with those with whom he would not eat porridge at his table," he remarked. This, however, did not prevent him from extending to them a helping hand when occasion offered, in a patriarchal way, only not directly. Thus, when, a few years before, the poorer quarter of the town had suffered from a fire, Captain Spang sent home from the foreign port where he received the bad news, a nice little sum to the sufferers. But afterward, when some of them, with a speaker at their head, called on him at his house to express their gratitude, he rather curtly interrupted the orator, and recommended the deputation to turn outdoors, and not to waste his time or their own with such nonsense.

He was standing, this afternoon, down on the beach, outside the open shed of the boatbuilder.

He glanced over the bay. The wind blew offshore. Some vessels had cast anchor out there. He seemed to be inspecting one of the ships with great interest, and nodded to himself. A light swell, a greeting from the fresh wind out at sea, rolled against the strand; near the beach, half aground and half at anchor, lay the captain's yawl, which he used occasionally, either for shore-hunting or for catching codfish.

He turned round and looked into the shed.

"Holloa! Who are you?"

Tønnes was in there alone. A boat lay in the stocks, and another one was almost finished, upon which the boy had some slight work to do. The shed had an odor of glue, tar, and wood-shavings. Outside, it was fresh; the sea sighed deeply; the clouds were drifting seaward like ships standing out. Tønnes glanced up from his work with the great auger, and looked at the man addressing him.

"Oh, it is you, the smith's boy Tönnés ! Can you build boats, my lad ?"

And with these words the captain limped inside the shed and began examining the finished boat with the air of a connoisseur. He put his cane aside, placed his hands upon his knees, and in this bent position, not unlike a bear ready to dance, he scanned the water-line from stem to stern, felt with his hand along the boards bending forward from the stern, put his thumb into the seams, knocked here and there on a pin or a nail-head or a copper rivet which was not yet fully driven in, stood upon tiptoe to follow the gunwale, tried the oar-locks in which the oars should rest, muttered something about the advisability of a wash-board which would increase the strength of the boat without injury to its form, and finally went around to the prow, seized with one hand the iron-clad nose and with the other gave the bow a gentle slap, about as a Bedouin finishes a satisfactory examination of a new horse with a caressing stroke of the animal's breast.

Tönnés had stepped aside while the examination was going on, and had followed each movement of the captain with apparent deference.

"Push that box over here, my boy, and let me get up and examine her within boards."

The captain got up on the box and inspected the inside of the boat.

"Jump up here, and let us see what you are good for," said the captain.

The boy leaped up like a cat. The frankness of the great man deprived the boy of his first bashfulness. Both of them were seated there ; the old seaman on the boat's beam, the boy on the gunwale. Everything was examined, and the boy was asked for his opinion. He grew animated ; he even passed a few criticisms, which he had scarcely dared to let his master hear, but which now escaped him : She was too hollow in the bottom, he thought—yes, perhaps—; it could be seen by opening the bulkhead hatches and raising the floorboards,—yes, yes, perhaps ; she was a little too narrow toward the stern, and rather heavy in the waist, and fell off again a little too suddenly toward the prow. She might have been curved a little more gradually, and have less belly ; but, after all, it was a beautiful boat, really an excellent boat ; happy was the man who owned such a boat, and could always sail in it . . .

"Instead of standing here warming the glue-pot?—yes. You are a bright boy ; you ought to be a sailor !" interrupted the captain.

Tönnés made no answer, but jumped down from the gunwale and placed the box so that the portly man could easily reach solid ground again. But when the boy once more stood side by side with the great Captain Spang, he felt his own insignificance, and was silent.

The captain took his cane and limped out of the shed.

Tönnés looked after him.

The captain stopped, looked up at the clouds, looked about the beach to convince himself that no custom-house officer was stealing around, then looked out toward the vessels in the bay, turned abruptly round, and said :

"You can go out with me in the yawl."

He pointed with his cane toward the shore where his boat was lying.

The boy opened his eyes wide, and laid aside the auger, which he had again taken up.

"You may go with me, I say ; you can row for me. That cursed leg makes me unfit for the boat ; I will make it all right with Master Jonassen."

It was tempting. Tönnés looked around the shed, looked at Captain Spang and his boat, and out over the sea, and then they went together down to the beach where the yawl lay.

Tönnés had hard work with the boat, for the captain's leg made him unfit, indeed. At last they got off from shore, and the boy took the oars. The boat was but partly rigged ; there was a bit of sail on a small mast ; the captain got the mast raised and unfurled the sail, and soon Tönnés needed to row no more ; the fresh breeze carried them rapidly along.

The boy took in the oars, remarking to himself that one of them was not good for much.

"We are bound for the brig there," said the captain, pointing to one of the vessels lying at anchor.

"'Tis a fruit trader, I suppose ?" remarked the boy.

"Yes," was the answer.

Captain Spang had again grown silent. Perhaps he repented that he had already been too familiar with the boy. His dignity must be maintained, especially now, as they approached the brig, whose master was one of the "old boys," Captain Spang's companion and comrade on many a merry trip in the Mediterranean.

They got under the side of the heavy laden vessel. The captain hailed the men on deck, and asked for a rope's-end ; inquiring also if the skipper was on board.

"Yes, of course!" cried a heavy man, of about Captain Spang's build. "Come aboard, you old boy!"

"Easier said than done! One of my lower-masts has got chafed," answered Captain Spang. "You will have to lower some steps down here."

The skipper ordered the accommodation ladder rigged and lowered over the gunwale. Captain Spang climbed up, and immediately went below with his friend. No notice was taken of the boy.

Tønnes remained in the boat, and for some time patiently kept clear of the vessel's side. The sea was rather heavy out here; the wind grew fresher and fresher; the brig rolled a little, and the yawl pitched.

Tønnes hailed. Some heads appeared over the gunwale; they stared down upon the rude boat; the heads retreated; but one remained; it proved to be the cook's.

"Can't you pay out the line, so that I can drift aft?" asked Tønnes.

"Are you from that town there?" asked the head, in a distinct Funen dialect.

"Yes, I am. Pay out the line!"

"Perhaps you are a son of the man who came aboard?"

"No, I am not. Give me a warp and let me drift aft. The boat will go to pieces here."

"Perhaps you are hungry?"

"Pay out the line, I say!"

"You may come aboard!" said the cook, kindly, preparing at length to pay out the line.

Tønnes climbed up, and the yawl drifted aft. The boy took a seat outside the caboose, and talked occasionally with the cook, while he glanced admiringly around and aloft. The brig was like most fruit-traders, rigged almost like a man-of-war. The long slender studding-sail booms pointed out beyond the yard-arms like the steering-feathers of the kingfisher's pointed wings, as though they would at once augment the vessel's speed and balance its side motion. Stays, shrouds, and backstays, tyes, halyards, braces, and sheets, were as taut-hauled as possible; the masts were leaning aft, while the mast-heads were bravely stayed forward; the bowsprit followed the curve of the gunwale, and was "drawn right out of the nose," and then at the bobstay of the jibboom bent a little downward in a manner to gladden the heart of one experienced with the sea, and which Tønnes could follow and appreciate by instinct, though it is beyond all description—about as the

fine points of a race-horse which is speeding over the ground.

Tønnes let his eyes roam about the deck, where the same order and cleanliness prevailed which he had seen aloft. Even the water-casks, which were roped starboard and larboard between the stanchions of the bulwark, had shining, polished bands of brass; the racks around the masts, the gangway, and the capstan on the windlass, had brass bands also. How they shone! Tønnes felt a thrill within his heart which he had never felt before.

Might he be allowed to go aloft awhile? Yes, why not? said the cook. And he went aloft.

He sat astride the foretopsail-yard. He felt like a young god sitting for the first time upon his own temple-roof. The sun was sinking, and colored the distant coast with strong tints of red and yellow. He saw the white downs—they were yellow; he saw the yellow gables—they were like the brass bands around the water-barrels; the red houses were blood-red; the forest behind them was violet. He singled out some particular houses. There was the schoolmaster's, with the climbing-pole. Well, now he was higher up than the time when he frightened his honest old teacher by standing erect upon the cross-piece. Then Nanna stood below and admired him; therefore he had run forward and back in his stockings along the narrow bar, and had ended by sliding down the smooth pole, holding by his hands alone. Where was Captain Spang's house? Was Nanna standing outside? If she could only see him now!

Then his eye fell upon the sooty roof and chimney of the smithy. It dampened his joy a little. It grew still more dampened when his eye rested on Master Jonassen's shed down by the beach. What would be the result of this excursion? It would be late before they returned to land. The sun had set behind the forest; only one long glittering streak ran across the bluish hills where the farm-houses rose here and there like molehills. The sky was overcast; the clouds lay in layers, like driving ice; their yellow torn borders stretched over his head. The wind was strong now. It shook him as he sat there, and whined and howled in the rigging around him. His heart grew a little heavy. How should he really make it all right with his master?—and afterward, what would the smith say?

He shook it off again. Was not the captain such a great man? would he not protect him? For awhile he could feel perfectly secure. He sat on the topsail-yard of a fine vessel. He fancied

that he was ordered up there to spread the sail. He fancied he saw the canvas fill and swell before the wind. Yes—he sailed, he crossed the ocean, he was a sailor, he returned; he was full-grown,—had on a jacket, with money in his pocket, and wore a gold chain across a black silk vest. He had also some present for Nanna in his pocket, although she had always treated him so contemptuously. Blacksmith's boy! no, he was a sailor, he entered her father's door, he seized her hand, and she did not laugh at him . . . He dreamed the dreams of a boy who only knew life and the world on his own strand, and to whom a vessel is the embodiment of beauty and independence, and the sea the way to future happiness.

"Ahoy there!" cried a voice from the deck below.

Tønnes looked down. The two captains were standing at the gangway, the cook carried a big basket with bottles and packages, and the mate hailed the boy.

He was quick as a cat—to the evident pleasure of the crew—up and along the yard-arm, down the topmast barstay, out over the gunwale and down the channels to the yawl, which was hauled alongside of the brig.

"Well, you little monkey!" said Captain Spang, but at the same time smiling, as he made a threatening movement with his hand.

Both the captains were flushed, and they bade each other good-bye and pressed each other's hands most affectionately. Evidently it was not for nothing that the brig had on board the hot Mediterranean wines.

Captain Spang was helped down the ladder, the big basket, with the many bottles and other contents, was lowered to the yawl; the basket was large and the yawl was small; the heavy and somewhat clumsy Captain Spang seated himself, with legs stretched over the basket; Tønnes seated himself at the oars.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" The two captains greeted each other once more, and exchanged the last words. Spang wished that the wind would soon blow from another corner, so that the brig might set sail, and the other expressed the opinion that the wind would remain unchanged during the night, only growing fresher and fresher.

"We shall have rain," he called after the boat; "be careful to make land before the cigars get wet!"

"Thanks; I have a young crew at the oars. Row on!"

[To be continued.]

A ROUNDEL.

Memory and Hope! be ye the friends
Of souls, that in the present grope;
For each into the other blends—
Memory and Hope.

While Memory's moon her radiance lends
To those whom Hope no path may ope,
Hope's sun the clouds of Memory rends.

The Power on which all life depends
To souls whom doubt and darkness cope
Like sunset and like sunrise sends
Memory and Hope.

THORKILD A. SCHÖVELIN.

MARY STUART.

TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS, BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON. TRANSLATED
BY CLEMENS PETERSEN.

(Continued.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of KNOX. The afternoon of the day following. KNOX is walking up and down, with regular strides, and hands behind his back. Someone knocks at the door.*

KNOX (*continuing to walk*). Come!

LINDSAY AND MORTON (*entering*). Good day!

LINDSAY. We were ordered hither at four o'clock.

KNOX. I know.

LINDSAY (*pause*). Will Ruthven be able to come?

KNOX. I don't know.

LINDSAY (*To Morton while advancing to the foreground*).
How many men has my lord collected?

MORTON. Five hundred archers.

LINDSAY. That is not many.

MORTON. But I can trust them. Those boys have seen blood before to-day, some of them more times than either of us.

LINDSAY. The palace guard is small; we can soon get through with them. But afterward the burghers might come.

MORTON. My men don't reckon a burgher for more than a sheep. Most of them have served in France, or Germany, or Denmark. War is their business and their sport.

LINDSAY. If I were king, I would forbid these levies to foreign countries; it degrades the people.

MORTON. No, it educates them.

LINDSAY. I always disagreed with the Earl of Murray on this subject. He sold the children of the country to foreigners.

MORTON. He let out children and got back men. Murray always knows what he is about.

LINDSAY. Do you think he will be here in time? It is already late.

MORTON. He who travels secretly, must often choose

by-ways. If anybody here has received a message from him, Knox has.

LINDSAY (*to Knox*). Have you heard from Murray?

KNOX (*still walking*). Yes.

MORTON. Will he come?

KNOX. Soon.

LINDSAY (*to Morton*). That is good. Let us sit down while we wait. I can't deny that my blood is somewhat in uproar; it is more easily kept down when one is seated.

MORTON. I feel perfectly cool. Odd that Knox doesn't speak to us. I think I will speak to him.

LINDSAY. No, don't.

MORTON (*to Knox*). What does Knox think of the present state of things?

KNOX. Nothing.

LINDSAY. It is of no use, Morton.

MORTON. What does Knox think of our undertaking?

KNOX. Nothing.

MORTON. Don't you think it serves God?

KNOX. Everything serves God.

MORTON. If this David Rizzio got the whole evangelical faith swept out of Scotland, would that, too, serve God?

KNOX. Yes. All that happens is pre-ordained, and if such were the will of God, this generation would be destroyed in order that another and better might reap the blessing.

LINDSAY. Now stop, Morton.

MORTON. Then we might as well do nothing, since that which shall happen, will happen anyhow.

KNOX. Surely. You cannot add a straw to his work, nor take away a straw. What you do, you do simply for your own salvation.

MORTON. But if, from eternity, I am pre-ordained to perdition, how then can I be saved?

KNOX. He who knows from eternity that you shall be damned, knows also from eternity that you will make yourself fit for damnation.

LINDSAY. This is blasphemy, Morton.

MORTON. It must be rather tedious for God to sit and look at the spectacle when he knows it all beforehand.

KNOX. He has probably his own thoughts thereby, as I have mine by your talk; though I, too, knew that beforehand. (*Pause. Someone knocks at the door.*)

KNOX. Come!

Enter RUTHVEN, supported by a servant.

LINDSAY brings a chair. MORTON leads Ruthven to it.

MORTON. You exert yourself too much, Ruthven. It would be better for you to keep your bed.

RUTHVEN (*to the servant*). Go! Wait outside!

LINDSAY. We did not expect you here, Lord Ruthven, sick as you are.

RUTHVEN. But I do not trust you.

MORTON. There are plenty of us, though.

LINDSAY. And everything well prepared.

RUTHVEN. But when the queen begins to weep, you will begin to whimper; I know you.

LINDSAY. God forbid that we should rate her tears above the welfare of this country.

MORTON. It cannot be your intention, my lord, to go with us to the palace?

RUTHVEN. I shall go with you, even if you have to carry me.

LINDSAY. But, in your condition, what can you do there?

RUTHVEN. See that the scoundrel is properly killed; but where is Lethington?

LINDSAY. The day we put our names to the compact he was out of town.

RUTHVEN. There—You see! There—You see! Can I trust such people?

MORTON. Lethington is cautious.

RUTHVEN. Is it now a time for caution? Look at me! So great is the danger that even sick men must rise to fight.

MORTON. Each one is useful in his own way. Lethington has furthered our cause, while nobody else could, and he has been able to do so because he has always kept himself covered.

LINDSAY. How ill you look, Ruthven.

RUTHVEN. Yes; bad are the nights, and worse the days. Where is Knox?

KNOX (*standing still a moment*). Here!

RUTHVEN. Ah! Is that you? I am ill, Knox.

KNOX. I know.

RUTHVEN. Why don't you come to me?

KNOX. Because you need me not.

RUTHVEN. Yes, I do, Knox. You know not what it means to lie sleepless and look over one's own life. You should have come, Knox.

KNOX. It is too early.

RUTHVEN. Too early? What do you mean by that, Knox?

KNOX. When you reach so far, Ruthven, that you wish to die, then I will come.

RUTHVEN (*rises in horror, but sinks back into his chair*). You are mistaken as to my sickness, Knox. This is not unto death; it is only rheumatism. It may make me a cripple, but it will not kill me. Why don't you answer me, Knox?

KNOX. Because an answer is useless.

RUTHVEN. If I knew that this meant death, I should not wait; I should cut short the affair myself.

KNOX. That would be the straight way to hell.

RUTHVEN. Oh! Knox, don't speak so! If you would only say mass. No; I forget, there is no more mass. Knox, come and sit down by me, and speak to me.

KNOX (*stops in front of him*). What do you want of me?

RUTHVEN. You are too severe, Knox. Your religion is too severe. We get no aid.

KNOX. In yourself you must find it.

RUTHVEN. I know that, and, in spite of my illness, I shall go to the palace. For if we can do away with this godless woman, the plague-spot of the church, and kill her paramour, that servant of Beelzebub, in some small measure it will be reckoned to my credit on the great day—will it not, Knox?

KNOX. I don't know.

RUTHVEN. You don't know, Knox? and you encourage us; we are here in your house.

KNOX. I have never encouraged you.

RUTHVEN. But what is your opinion? You alarm me.

LINDSAY. And me, too, KNOX. I know not what the others think, but I know that in this affair I think of the church only.

RUTHVEN. You must tell us your opinion, Knox; we tremble for it.

KNOX. Not my opinion, but the opinions of the Bible on godless kings and their houses, I will tell you. For hear! The prophet Abijah said to Jeroboam: "Because thou hast gone and made thee other gods and molten images, I will bring evil upon thy house and take away the remnant of it." The prophet Elijah said to Ahab: "God will cut off thy house as he cut off the house of Jeroboam." The prophet Elisha anointed Jehu, one of the captains of the host, king, and said to him: "And thou shalt smite the house of Ahab, thy master." But Jehu was like one of you, unclean in the eyes of the Lord, and yet the sword of punishment in his hand. The judgment of the Lord is clear, but he who takes upon himself to fulfil it, let him take care, for the judgment of the Lord is like a double-edged sword, it wounds on both sides. Woe to him who draws it, having greed for the property of the church; it shall strike him, and strike him to death! Woe to him who lifts it for the sake of his own family; it shall fall upon him like a thunderbolt from above! Woe to him who uses it for revenge and hatred! Woe, woe to all those who carry it with a hardened and infidel heart! Other encouragement I cannot give you. (*Recommences walking. Pause.*)

RUTHVEN. In old times, when one went to a Roman priest, he went away eased and comforted. But you give a stone when we ask for bread. I think I will go home.

LINDSAY. No, Ruthven! Those words have mightily strengthened me. Now I feel my hand bound to the sword. Even though my purpose be not perfectly pure,—which is well nigh impossible for a human being,—when the judgment of the Lord is pronounced as clearly as in this case, I feel it my duty to take it up and fulfil it, even though I should perish thereby.

RUTHVEN. Perhaps I have not fully understood his words.

MORTON. To me also they seemed to point both ways; but I will do now, as I always do, when words become too much for me,—I will act. It is enough for me that Knox is with us.

RUTHVEN. But Knox is not with us.

MORTON. Not with sword in hand, for he is a man of peace, but in the plan he is one of us. (*Someone knocks at the door.*)

ALL. There is Murray.

Enter MURRAY, wrapt in a mantle, which he immediately lets fall.

MORTON. Yes, it is Murray.

LINDSAY. Now there are a thousand more men in Scotland. Now I feel calm. Well met again! (*Embraces him.*)

MURRAY. Well met, my friends. You are ill, Ruthven.

RUTHVEN. So ill, that even the sight of you cannot help me. Welcome back to Scotland! (*Embraces him.*) But in Scotland everything is not all right.

MURRAY. But it shall be! (*Discovers KNOX and kneels before him.*) Your blessing!

KNOX (*with his hand on the head of MURRAY*). God grant you a simple faith and a whole heart. God look in mercy upon your failings.

SCENE II.—*The private room of the queen. At one side, toward the background, a spread table and pages in attendance; from the other side, behind the scenes, laughter and the last passages of a Spanish song with accompaniment upon the guitar. Enter the queen, led by LORD STUART; the COUNTESS OF ARGYLE, led by Captain ERSKINE; and DAVID RIZZIO. They seat themselves at the table.*

THE QUEEN. To this song the most costly wine is due. Is this the wine from Cyprus, which the king of Spain sent me?

A PAGE. Yes, your grace.

THE QUEEN. The most celebrated wine in the world!

STUART. How I long for the first glass of it!

THE COUNTESS. More than the Sultan, who sacrificed eighteen thousand warriors to get hold of it.

STUART. Good wine comes like the first cannon-shot ushering in the feast: it rouses the blood, it stirs the spirit.

THE COUNTESS. Good wine comes like a witty word: it grasps the mind and sets it free.

THE QUEEN. Good wine comes like sunshine through rain: a message from that joy which shall never be exhausted.

THE COUNTESS. Good wine throws a rainbow across our thoughts: with beauty and with promise.

STUART. Good wine is like music, Ronsard says: it trickles through our veins with sweet melodies.

THE QUEEN. Good wine is like a sweet secret: it laughs and whispers in our heart.

THE COUNTESS. Good wine is like praise: it doubles our powers.

STUART. Or like flattery: it subdues them.

THE QUEEN (*raising her glass*). The first glass lifts us on the horse for a merry ride.

THE COUNTESS (*raising her glass*). The second sends us galloping through beautiful landscapes.

STUART (*raising his glass*). And the third throws us off.

THE QUEEN. What if after this eulogy we left the first glass untouched? (*Sets down her glass; the others do the same.*)

THE COUNTESS. That would be an act of resignation greater than Eve could perform.

RIZZIO. To be called an act of resignation such a performance is hardly great enough.

THE COUNTESS. Ah, *monsieur*! it is often more difficult to show resignation in small matters than in great.

THE QUEEN. Perhaps Rizzio knows something about resignation. Give us a definition, please.

RIZZIO. Your grace?

STUART. But quick.

THE COUNTESS. You must not go to Cyprus for it.

THE QUEEN. What is resignation, Rizzio?

RIZZIO. Well, it is the renunciation of something which you have a great desire for. (*All laugh.*)

STUART. Where did you go to school, *monsieur*!

THE QUEEN. In Turin. The definition is from Piedmont.

RIZZIO. If I spoke from personal experience I should

say that the strongest proof of resignation is to refrain from letting others suffer for our troubles.

STUART. *Monsieur* means, to refrain from revenging one's self.

RIZZIO. No, I have seldom felt tempted to give back a blow, but often to let it pass on.

STUART. But that is wrong, a blow must be given back.

THE LADIES. Yes, it must be given back.

THE QUEEN. Revenge is sweet (*raises her glass*). But Rizzio, I understand, has to practice resignation (*drinks*). The best wine I ever tasted.

STUART. Charmant!

THE COUNTESS. Magnifique!

THE QUEEN. But really, Rizzio didn't drink. Ha, ha, ha! that wasn't the idea, though.

THE COUNTESS. But one could not drink to resignation in a more appropriate way.

THE QUEEN. We did not drink to resignation, did we? We drank to revenge.

STUART. To the beautiful revenge.

RIZZIO. Revenge may be dear to us, but it can never be beautiful.

ALL THE OTHERS. Yes, it can.

THE QUEEN. Revenge is beautiful—let me see—is beautiful like Bothwell. Bothwell is like revenge. Revenge is Bothwell!

ALL THE OTHERS. But Bothwell is not handsome.

THE QUEEN. Bothwell!—there is a kind of beauty which I would call terrible, and Bothwell has that.

THE COUNTESS. That is the one-eyed kind.

THE QUEEN. Well, yes. That he has only one eye is in harmony with the rest. In the manifold features of that face a word is written which you cannot read, though it is always tempting you. A thousand rumors fly before him, when he sets his sails, and gather people around him. But the audacity of his opinions amazes them, and the violence of his actions frightens them away. Then, there is something cold in his warmth and something warm in his coldness—mere self-contradictions, but such is Bothwell and such is that kind of beauty.

Enter DARNLEY, somewhat intoxicated.

ALL (*except the queen*). The king! (*They rise, the queen remains sitting.*)

DARNLEY. Be seated, be seated, you merry companions! I only came on a visit to my wife. I want to embrace you—you wonderful seducer! (*Embraces and kisses her.*)

THE QUEEN. My lord!

DARNLEY (*taking a chair and sitting down close behind the queen*). Don't my kisses please you any more? or did you think of the one that Judas gave? (*Leaning familiarly over her chair.*) I think of all those you once gave me in sweet intimacy. Ah! I am so glad, so glad, for from this day you shall kiss none other than me, you wild swan of Scotland!

THE QUEEN (*rising*). My lords and my ladies, I bid you good-night! I feel a little indisposed. (*Trying to pass Darnley.*) Excuse me, my lord!

DARNLEY. Oh, no, my idol! You cannot pass me by any more. Now, you shall come and stay with me for-

ever, and other merry people will come. Look at this one? How merry he is!

(*Ruthven is discovered in the opened door, pale, supporting himself on his sword, and many armed men behind him. As they come forward, the Countess, Stuart, Erskine and Rizzio gather around the queen.*)

THE QUEEN. Armed men? What does this mean? (*Pause.*) Lord Ruthven, who has given you permission to enter the queen's room unannounced?

RUTHVEN. We come because this David Rizzio is here, and has been here too long.

THE QUEEN. What? Impertinent!

RUTHVEN. If your grace will not send him away, the nobility of Scotland must do it. It is our duty to watch over the dignity of the crown.

THE QUEEN. Summon the guard and arrest them all. (*Stuart and Erskine draw their swords and rush forward.*)

RUTHVEN. Quiet, Arthur Erskine! Quiet, Stuart! The guard has been arrested; Morton and Lindsay hold the palace.

THE QUEEN,	} Treason!
THE COUNTESS,	
ERSKINE, and	
STUART.	

STUART. No brave knight can look on while the queen is insulted. Can we not protect her, Erskine, we can at least give our lives for her! Sapresti! (*Knocks down the foremost soldier and penetrates into the crowd, accompanied by Erskine, but they are soon overwhelmed and carried away.*) Cursed be that French parade rapier! Had I only a good Scotch weapon! Oh, madam, the Lord protect you!

THE COUNTESS (*to the queen*). I will go to James Melville. The burghers must come. The bells shall toll.

THE QUEEN. Oh, God in heaven, send me help!

THE COUNTESS (*to a soldier who will prevent her from passing*). Am I David Rizzio? Has the blockhead no eyes?

RUTHVEN. Let her pass; she can do no harm. And now for business.

THE QUEEN. Oh, holy Virgin! To what a country hast thou sent me!

RUTHVEN (*to the soldiers*). Seize that David Rizzio!

RIZZIO (*hurries to the queen and kneels down behind her*). Justice, your grace, they will kill me!

THE QUEEN (*to the soldiers, who advance*). Stand back from here! This is treason!

RUTHVEN. Seize David Rizzio!

THE QUEEN. But what has the man done?

RUTHVEN. He has violated the honor of your majesty, the honor of the king your spouse, and the honor of the nobility and people you rule over.

THE QUEEN. Forsooth, that is an impudent calumny, for which you shall answer.

RUTHVEN. We will take care that your grace shall have no more power in this country. On, seize him!

RIZZIO. I told you there was danger, but you would not hear me. You have been unjust to me, now you must defend me.

THE QUEEN. If you have a real charge to make against him, I will lay it before the lords of the parliament; but I warn you, go the way of the law and do not over-

throw the order of this country by thus breaking into the rooms of your queen. Forsooth, there is a to-morrow after to-day.

RUTHVEN. Yes; on the great day of judgment, this, too, shall be judged. In the name of the church and the law, seize that heretic and seducer! (*The soldiers advance.*)

RIZZIO. Justice! I have served you faithfully!

THE QUEEN (*stepping forward against the soldiers*). Is there not one among you who will obey his queen? Send for Bothwell, send for Huntley. There must be some men left in Holyrood castle.

RUTHVEN. They have all been locked in their rooms.

THE QUEEN (*with great emphasis*). I am the Lord's anointed, and you let me stand alone and helpless! Think of what you are doing: you overthrow the laws, you rise against the God-appointed kingship, you soil the sacred purple, you trample on the Lord's commandments! Stand back! You are insane. (*The soldiers retreat.*)

RUTHVEN. Is it not as I said: to this woman you will soon give in. (*Steps forward to seize Rizzio.*)

RIZZIO (*catching hold of the queen's robe*). Help! help!

THE QUEEN (*entreating*). Oh, you violate the right which belongs to woman from eternity. It is the ugliest sin a man can commit, to make a woman feel her weakness. Mercy should stand guard around her, pity should be her sure appeal, her very weakness should be a barrier against brute force! Break down those bounds and there are no more barriers on earth, and we shall walk about like beasts. Oh, do not begin with your own queen, for how shall it then end?

SEVERAL. Enough for this time, Ruthven.

RUTHVEN. Now she is humble, but to-morrow she will bring us all to the gallows.

Enter LINDSAY.

LINDSAY. If no one else here has due respect for God and his country, I have. (*Rushes at Rizzio.*)

THE QUEEN (*meeting him*). Over my corpse before you reach him.

LINDSAY. Not necessary. (*Will push her aside.*)

THE QUEEN (*with uplifted hands*). Who dares lay hand on the queen!

LINDSAY (*cowering*). That spoke another through her!

ANDREW KERR (*pushing forward with a pistol in his hand*). If none dares touch her, we must shoot her down. (*Levels the pistol at her.*)

THE QUEEN. Do so. But know that I bear two lives, and those the two first in Scotland. (*Andrew Kerr lowers the pistol.*)

RUTHVEN. Then the king, her husband, must carry her off. Nothing prevents him.

THE QUEEN (*turning toward Darnley, who has remained standing at the table*). Nothing but his first duty as husband, which is to defend me! Nothing but his first duty as king, which is to send you away! Henry Darnley, order these men to leave. Forsooth, here is an opportunity for you to show that you are a man!

DARNLEY. And I shall show it by withstanding all your prayers for this Rizzio.

THE QUEEN. Oh, they have entrapped you by your own folly. Don't you remember it is this Rizzio who

helped you to the throne—God forgive him. Now we both suffer for it!

DARNLEY. I remember that, and more too!

THE QUEEN. It is a calumny, forsooth! It is a lie! (*Advancing toward him.*) Oh, Darnley, you lost my love, but be a man now, and you shall win it again.

RIZZIO (*seized by the soldiers*). Help! help!

THE QUEEN (*will hurry to his rescue*). Jesus Maria! I forgot him! (*Darnley springs between them and plants himself in front of the queen.*) Will you really...

DARNLEY. It is for your sake! Your life is in danger,

THE QUEEN. What is my life, when my dignity as queen and woman is trampled upon! (*Attempts again to advance, but is prevented by Darnley.*)

DARNLEY. They shall do him no harm.

RIZZIO. Oh! because I was faithful, suffer I this. Save me!

THE QUEEN. I cannot. (*Rizzio is carried away. The crowd leaves. The door is closed.*)

THE QUEEN. Oh, why did I come to this country, where I have no friend and no protection, where all are traitors to me, to me who am only a woman! (*She bursts into tears and sinks down in a chair. Darnley leans over her. A soldier comes in, takes the dagger from Darnley's side and disappears.*)

DARNLEY (*looking after him*). That is right! That is right! With my dagger he ought to be killed! There is something then which is stronger than she!—Mary, listen to me. (*She makes a movement with the hand as if from disgust.*) Mary, you must understand this—not you, but him.—You are always dear to me! (*She repeats the movement.*) Think, Mary, how much sorrow you have given me—something had to be done—Mary, don't you understand now how I love you?

Enter RUTHVEN.

RUTHVEN. Wine! I tremble! (*sinks into a chair. Darnley hastens to offer him a glass.*)

THE QUEEN (*opening her eyes*). Rizzio's glass! It was poured out to revenge.

RUTHVEN. Useless now,—he is killed!

THE QUEEN (*springing up*). That blood shall cost many of you dear.

RUTHVEN. The greater your rage, the stronger our suspicion.

THE QUEEN. I understand what you mean, but had he been my meanest servant, I would have given my life rather than see him killed in my presence. Because I have suffered this humiliation, because you have broken my pride, because you have destroyed my royal confidence, because—Oh! I have no tears, and still I weep!

RUTHVEN. That is what had to come. When the ruler does not follow the law, the law overtakes the ruler. You have been the scourge of this country, now the scourge comes back to your own house.

THE QUEEN (*drawing the veil down over her face*). Oh! that such words can be said to me!

Enter LINDSAY.

LINDSAY. Ruthven, they have escaped!

RUTHVEN (*leaping up*). Who has escaped?

LINDSAY. James Melville, Count Athole—

RUTHVEN. No matter, so long as Bothwell—

LINDSAY. But Bothwell has also escaped. He has jumped from a window in the second story.

RUTHVEN. After him! After him!

LINDSAY. Then you must come yourself and give orders, for there is strife.

THE QUEEN. Bothwell is like revenge; revenge is Bothwell.

RUTHVEN. Don't rejoice too early! You shall not leave this place. You are now a prisoner and a dethroned queen. Darnley is your master, and Murray the regent. (*Draws near to her.*) My errand here is now accomplished. (*Still nearer.*) I think I am now revenged for the disgrace you once threw on our family by refusing my son—I also think I have done something for the true religion. (*Walks away with Lindsay.*)

THE QUEEN. For the true religion? Yes, you have done what condemns you forever. (*Ruthven totters and is about to fall.*) See! a miracle is upon you! From this moment you shall never be well again, and you shall soon meet with Rizzio before the Eternal Judge.

RUTHVEN. Carry me away! Call my servants!

LINDSAY. Lord Ruthven is ill! Ruthven's servants! (*They come and carry him away. Lindsay follows.*)

DARNLEY (*looking attentively at the queen, who walks up and down in great excitement*). She is still strong. She beats with the wings like an eagle whose talons have been bound. How beautiful she is! But I will not yield. She shall tremble from rage, and afterward from fear. Mary!

THE QUEEN. Don't call me by that name! Understand that I cannot longer be your wife.

DARNLEY. You were not, hitherto, that is true; but now you shall be. The Church of Rome knows no divorce. Unto death you are mine, and from to-day you are mine alone.

THE QUEEN. God in heaven, it cannot be thy will that my life shall be bound forever to this man. Oh! what a future! (*She hides her face in her hands.*)

DARNLEY. You see yourself that there is no other way. I am your master, and you have to give the word of submission. You shall not go out of this castle until it is given, even though it might take years.

THE QUEEN. I shall give word of submission?

DARNLEY. You shall.

THE QUEEN (*close to his face*). Traitor! Son of a traitor! I shall never be glad until your heart is pierced by the same agony that I suffer at this minute.

[*Exit by the same door through which she entered.*]

DARNLEY. The conflict will be both longer and harder than I thought. Has Lethington deceived me, or deceived himself? It is not fear which subdues her. Have I been mistaken? Have I perhaps lost her to-day forever? No, there must be something which leads to her, and love it is not,—not the most humble, the most sacrificing, the most entreating. Then it must be this—it must be fear. We will wait, we will wait. The horse rears and wheels till it is white with foam, but at last, at last it gives in. I will see Rizzio. I will see what was in his face when he died! [*Exit.*]

Enter MORTON and LINDSAY.

MORTON. Who has stirred up the burghers against us?

LINDSAY. And what are we going to do with them?

MORTON. Shoot them down.

LINDSAY. No, no shooting; that would only rouse all Scotland. We must speak to them. We must convince them that everything has been done for the glory of the Reformed Church.

MORTON. That nonsense nobody will believe.

LINDSAY. When I say that this has been my reason, I should like to know whether the Earl of Morton still proposes to call it nonsense?

MORTON. You may have what reasons you like, but don't try them on the burghers. They feel enthusiasm for their young queen, and when she speaks to them they will storm the palace.

LINDSAY. But we will also speak to them, and in the name of religion.

MORTON. Try who is the stronger, your religion or a beautiful woman who weeps.

LINDSAY. Then she must not speak to them.

MORTON. Her windows look down where they will gather. Who will prevent her from speaking?

LINDSAY. She must not.

MORTON. Well, but I only know one way.

LINDSAY. No shooting, no shooting!

MORTON. Not on the burghers, but—

LINDSAY. What do you mean?

MORTON. Do you feel that if she speaks, this palace and our estates and our very lives will go up in one conflagration?

LINDSAY. I feel there is danger.

MORTON. Well, am I in command?

LINDSAY. I suppose we both are.

MORTON. Two cannot be.

LINDSAY. I am the oldest.

MORTON. Then, draw your sword, Lindsay, for I wish to be the oldest.

LINDSAY. Are you out of your wits?

MORTON (*calm*). No; but I will out of this partnership.

LINDSAY. Lord Lindsay cannot be frightened in this way.

MORTON. And a Douglas cannot be slighted in this way.

LINDSAY. Who is slighting you?

MORTON. Death and hell! You all are! Was it not I who started the plan, but Lethington who took the honor of it? Was it not I who gathered the men, but Ruthven who took command of them? Now it is my turn, and I will do what none of you dare do: I will end the whole affair with one sweep! Draw your sword, you stand in my way!

LINDSAY. He is crazy! (*They draw.*)

Enter a crowd of armed men.

ONE OF THE CROWD. There is trouble! The burghers storm the palace and demand to see the queen.

MORTON. Burst open the door to the queen's rooms. Place a guard at the windows, and if she approaches, shoot her down!

LINDSAY. He who dares shall be shot down by me.

MORTON. That we shall see; come on!

[*Exit, several following him.*]

LINDSAY. The heavens are my witness that I have never known this man before.

[*Exit, some following him, the rest stand listening. The cry, "Long live the Earl of Murray!" is heard in the distance; then nearer, "Long live the Regent!"*]

Enter MURRAY, noblemen, and burghers.

MURRAY. Where is the queen? The people demand to see the queen. You answer not! Is she in danger?

Enter the QUEEN, in nightdress.

THE QUEEN. Help! help! men of Scotland, drawn swords have been pointed at my bosom! (*Discovering a drawn sword.*) Away! away! I cannot bear to see it. (*Crying.*) Oh, Scotland's men, protect your queen, or (*kneeling*) have mercy upon me, and kill me, so that I do not see it. There! there again. (*Leaps up in horror.*) Oh, why did I come to this country? I do not understand you. You frighten me! Oh, let me go home again! When I first saw Scotland's coasts in the mist and chill, I stood on the wet deck and shivered. I felt something like a burning needle pierce my heart, and now I feel it again! Oh, let me go back to France! It is frightful here! When I entered your dark and gloomy city, you came to meet me with biblical pictures, but they were all of murder and fire; you played on instruments which had no music; you sang grim psalms. Oh, let me go home again to France! There is sunshine in France! There is mercy for woman, there is quiet regard and respect for the law, there is pity for the destitute, and there is my home, there are the days of my childhood. (*Kneeling.*) Oh! let me go home again to France. (*Leaps up in terror when she discovers Morton, Lindsay, and their followers, who enter.*) Here they come again! Now they will kill me.

MURRAY. (*Stepping forward.*) Earl of Morton, sheathe your sword! (*He does so, but some of his followers delay.*) Earl of Morton, arrest the men behind you, who have not put up their swords. (*He does so, and they are led out.*) Lord Lindsay, take command of the palace! No armed man shall enter the rooms of the queen under penalty of death! March! (*The stage is cleared.*)

THE QUEEN (*who has looked on with amazement, throws herself into the arms of Murray*). Oh, James! had you been here, this would not have happened!

MURRAY. Had I been here, Henry Darnley would not now be your husband, nor the lords of Scotland your enemies.

THE QUEEN. Oh, James, had I only taken your advice!

MURRAY. It is not yet too late.

THE QUEEN. Yes, it is! Now I must go away! I cannot stay here any longer. I am sick at heart—oh, so sick!

MURRAY. You need rest. I shall take the government.

THE QUEEN. But you must avenge me, James!

MURRAY. Don't think of revenge now! Remember that you are about to be a mother. You must find peace.

THE QUEEN. Ay, peace you say—peace! Humiliated as I am, I cannot find it.

MURRAY. Go to your friends and kinsmen! Lay aside all thoughts that wound! I will take care that reparation is done you.

THE QUEEN. Oh, but this burden of shame which I cannot lay aside, this pressure of tears which I cannot weep away! No. Something must first happen.

Enter a horseman, who kneels before the queen, delivers a letter, and disappears.

THE QUEEN (*reading*). "In three days, three thousand men—Bothwell." (*Not understanding the message.*) "In three days, three thousand men—Bothwell." (*Understanding it.*) In three days, three thousand men—Bothwell!

Enter DARNLEY.

THE QUEEN (*rushing toward him and leading him forward*). Will you take me from here?

DARNLEY (*amazed*). Take you from here?

THE QUEEN (*holding aloft the letter*). Bothwell has three thousand men in three days! Punishment and infamy await the rebels. With whom will you side?

DARNLEY. Has Bothwell escaped?

MURRAY (*aside*). Jesus Maria! Has Bothwell escaped?

THE QUEEN. Now you can keep me here, and when Bothwell comes, you can drag me along with you in your flight, but none shall thereby earn anything save only the wrath of all Scotland, and the curse of all Europe; and you, Henry, you shall not have more love from me than the iron bar before my window.

DARNLEY (*in terror*). But who let Bothwell escape?

THE QUEEN. Ay, now comes the repentance, Henry. But will you dismiss the watch and take me out to Bothwell's camp, secretly, swiftly? I believe that a morning of forgiveness shall dawn upon the darkness of this night.

DARNLEY. Oh, Mary!

THE QUEEN. Now the heavens above you are lurid with the lightning of revenge, and one terrible night you shall hear them roar and crackle about you,—either that, or you must take me up into your arms and we will ride away from here—leaving not an echo behind us—across to Dunbar castle! What is your choice, Henry,—you must be quick in choosing?

DARNLEY. Oh, Mary, I have made an oath not to desert the men who now are my companions.

THE QUEEN. Traitors you cannot bear to disappoint! But me, whom you love, you have the heart to betray! Listen to me: your cause is lost. If you prefer to be convicted of treason, that will be a short road for me to widowhood.

DARNLEY. Oh, Mary! for your sake I gave up my fatherland; I gave up my religion; for your sake I have now become a murderer; shall my love to you end by making me also a traitor? No, I will not.

THE QUEEN. I feel there is more than one whose soul has been injured, this night! But let us only get away from it! Henry, fly with me; and what you can regain, only the coming summer knows, under the old trees of Dunbar castle. (*Notices that his face brightens up.*) But I will not promise you anything—for I will not deceive you—and there sits a pang here which you must first save me from.

DARNLEY (*in a low voice*). Murray, is our cause lost?

MURRAY (*likewise*). So far as it depended upon a surprise, it is certainly lost.

THE QUEEN (*to Murray*). You came home, James, to take the Regency in Darnley's name,—but he does not give his name now.

MURRAY (*after a pause*). I understand.

THE QUEEN. Will you govern in my name?

MURRAY (*after a pause*). In your name? On certain conditions, yes.

THE QUEEN. Give me my revenge and I will give you the government of the country. (*Pause.*)

MURRAY. And the religious questions?

THE QUEEN. Can stand where they are, till I take them up some day myself.

MURRAY. I wish to be of use to my country. I will think of your proposition.

THE QUEEN. But you must give the conspirators no hint.

MURRAY. Your flight will do that.

THE QUEEN. And you must give them no help.

MURRAY. Their cause is lost.

THE QUEEN. You must leave them utterly to their fate.

MURRAY. As they left me to mine, a year ago.

THE QUEEN. They are doomed, then—now, Henry Darnley?—

DARNLEY. I am doomed, too.

THE QUEEN. Henry, I believe that evil you have done me came from love, but then this selfsame love must offer the cure. Henry, in Dunbar Castle and alone, we two have much to speak of. For three months I must now keep quiet. Do you not long, Henry, to be alone with me for three months?

DARNLEY. Do I not long!

THE QUEEN. We have never been alone together.

DARNLEY. Not since we were married.

THE QUEEN. And that was the devil in our wedded life.

DARNLEY. So it was.

THE QUEEN. Then take me away from here to Dunbar Castle.

DARNLEY. Those who follow with us will soon take you away from me.

THE QUEEN. None shall follow with me.

DARNLEY. None but I?

THE QUEEN. None.

DARNLEY. Oh, is it true?

THE QUEEN. I have said it.

DARNLEY. Then thousands of torches are lit by your words all along the road from here to Dunbar Castle.

THE QUEEN. And you will defend me, Henry?

DARNLEY. As in the tale the knight defends the princess in the charmed palace! None but I—and for three months—say it again.

THE QUEEN. For three months—and now the summer is coming.

DARNLEY. Mary, if we can live together for three months—

THE QUEEN. We can live together a whole life, but then you must be another.

DARNLEY. Before your word becomes a wish, before the glance becomes a word, before the thought becomes a glance, I shall catch it and fulfil it. A life of self-denial is the highest I can imagine, but you always refused to accept it. At last I thought it was just the opposite you wanted, and then came this night—

THE QUEEN. Which we will fly from so swiftly that even our words shall no more be able to find it. (*Standing between Darnley and Murray, and taking their hands.*)

Darnley, Murray, all three of us have much to forget and much to forgive. You, James, my brother, you promise me to keep quiet and say nothing? (*He nods assent.*) And you, my—you, Henry, to disband the watch and ride away with me—alone to Dunbar Castle?

DARNLEY. As you say. [*Exeunt Darnley and Murray.*]

THE QUEEN. Oh, I am so tired—but I am once more the Queen of Scotland, with God's grace for my throne, and the law for my sword.

CURTAIN.

[*To be continued.*]

RECENT LITERATURE.

While that neglect of style which threatens to be a deplorable characteristic of some modern Scandinavian authors cannot but irritate the reader of Jonas Lie's "*Livsløven*" ("A Convict for Lifetime") during the first three chapters, yet the absorbing interest of the story and of the social problems debated soon terminates all criticisms of style. The author relates the sad life of a poor illegitimate child, from his birth to the day he is sent to the penitentiary for lifetime, and ends his book with this remark of his hero: "Either it is I, or it is the world, which ought to be in the penitentiary"; and the reader is left in doubt what to answer. Jonas Lie has succeeded in illustrating the rotten condition of modern society. The sordidness of the doctor who induces the mother to leave her own child in care of heartless strangers in order to become a nurse in a rich family in whose house she soon forgets all her obligations toward her own offspring; the joyless childhood of this poor boy; his hardships and struggles; the bravery with which he works himself forward to become a smith; his childlike love for the daughter of his unkind foster-mother; the patience with which he bears all the demands made on him by his own mother, who loses her position and lives at his expense; the uncontrollable jealousy which seizes him when he discovers that the very man whose nurse his mother was, and for whose sake she left him with strangers, tries to seduce his beloved; the fickleness of the girl; the demoralizing influence of work in the great factories; the recklessness of the rich young dude; the murder; the suicide of the girl, and the conviction of the malefactor; the horror of society on account of the demoralization of the *lower classes*—it is all pictured with realistic truth, with inexorable exactness, with bitter irony. By a book like this an author becomes a great factor in modern reformatory work.

In Sofus Schandorph's latest novel, "*Et Aar i Embede*" ("A Year in Office"), the author seems to reach the conclusion that "life is a great process of degeneration." By considering how most men and women realize the ideals of their youth, the reader may be tempted to agree with this pessimistic Danish author. Yet there are honorable exemptions to the rule; why not picture them for once? Schandorph's faithful descriptions of provincial life, his irony and humor, and his original style, do not compensate for the entire lack of a positive ethical standpoint. Wherever the reader

looks, his eye meets only with weak men and flirting women, hypocrites and pessimists; there is not one attractive character in the book.

"*Unge Mennesker*" ("Young Men"), by Peter Nansen, may serve as an illustration of the proposition that the longer a school of art or literature exists, the more obvious and numerous become its faults, the less attractive its good sides. Some fifteen years ago, the principles of modern realism were greatly needed in Norse literature; but since then a number of authors have more or less successfully endeavored to imitate the modern French writers, and at present the danger of mannerism is great. It seems as if the younger realistic authors have entirely forgotten to be realistic, to look at nature and human life with their own eyes, and not through the colored spectacles of a school. Amongst the indispensable ingredients of a "realistic" novel of to-day must be reckoned a woman as unchaste as possible and a man sufficiently intelligent to despise himself. But the flavor of such spices is not to the taste of most readers. Certainly society is rotten; there are weak men and faithless women; but the truth is told so often that it becomes commonplace and wearisome. And it is equally true that there are strong men and trustful women, but they make no noise in the world; they do not harangue, they keep silent and act; they do not torture themselves and their contemporaries with declamatory self-confessions; if they have any step to regret, they show their repentance by deeds, not by words; they are the bearers of the future, the stratum on which coming generations may build in security. Let the authors of to-day give the world a realistic picture of these men and women; let them understand that the true and the beautiful is simple and grand, and that it is far below their dignity to appeal to the low instincts of their readers. The odor of patchouli is unhealthy; the poet must inhale the fresh breezes of nature and life. It is sad to see Mr. Nansen use his talent in the service of literary pessimism. There are many good promises in his book. For instance, the pathetic outcry against religious fanaticism in "*Fra et Dødsleje*" ("From a Death-bed"), and other places where he touches upon the religious problems of to-day. But the young author needs to be realistic in the true sense of the word.

It is not always pleasant to look at the would-be representatives of the present and the future in Scandinavian literature, yet the "old school" offers no attractive sides at all. The patriotic Thomas Lange ought not to bring disgrace upon his fatherland by writing novels like "*En Kjerlighedshistorie*" ("A Love Story"), whose chief characteristic is the entire lack of anything which nowadays properly may be termed love. He ought to be merciful unto the busy book-reviewer of the season, and not suffer him to waste time in reading some three hundred and fifty pages vainly looking for an original idea or a well-built sentence. He ought now to bury his false and abstract idealism and retire to that silence of which Emerson says that it is "a solvent that destroys personality and gives us leave to be great and universal." He ought to cease preaching a moral which teaches that "the great aim of all existence is to forget one's self for the benefit of others," and which glorifies a minister who is so beneficent toward strangers that he is obliged to let

another man pay the expenses of his son's education; and he ought to feel complimented by our frequent use of his favorite word "ought" in the same sense as he uses it, as expressing an ethical claim from without rather than an inner voice of conscience.

Professor R. B. Anderson has translated, and S. C. Griggs & Co. have published, Frederik Winkel Horn's "*History of the Literature of the Scandinavian North*." The author is an industrious and diligent man, but not endowed with great gifts. His style is never brilliant; he has nothing whatever of the enticing qualities of French authors or of the grand views of English essayists. He walks heavily but steadily the highway of literature; takes his time to look down each by-way and alley, and strives honestly to be as little prejudiced as possible. He is an honest, trustful companion, but dry, very dry, indeed. The entire work is a product of the industry of a compiler; his list of works of reference is imposing, it contains the *chef d'œuvres* of linguists and literary authorities, even the numerous books of his own translator. Mr. Winkel Horn has used this great material with discretion and common-sense, and has thus succeeded in producing a book which is reliable in most respects, and which therefore ought to be in the hands of every student and lover of Scandinavian literature. The work has one great fault: it pays too little attention to the Norse scientific, linguistic, historical, and philosophical literature; it treats chiefly of poems and novels. Is it not ridiculous to use but thirteen words in mentioning the great linguist J. N. Madvig, while six lines are wasted on Erik Bøgh, an author whose only characteristic is an entire lack of sense of responsibility? Many similar examples are easily found. The American edition has a very valuable bibliography of important books in the English language, relating to the Scandinavian countries, prepared by Mr. Thorvald Solberg.

"*Poems and Swedish Translations*" is the name of an attractive volume issued by Messrs. Peter Paul and Brother. The author, a Swede by birth, is Mr. Frederick Peterson, M.D., who is known to the readers of SCANDINAVIA as the translator of Runeberg's "*Cradle-song for my Heart*." The book has the modest motto: "Except that I have associated for a season with the rose, I am the same clay I was before." There is all reason to believe that the young poet's association with the rose still lasts, or, at all events, is often renewed. Lines like these—

"O lily, violet and rose,
Conveyers of some secret thought,
Your message still completer grows
Since with you blooms forget-me-not."

or,

"The sweetest flower that blows
I give you as we part:
For you, it is a rose;
For me, it is my heart"—

have the fragrance of a soul that cannot live without associating with "a rose." The style is unpretending, and therefore attractive. It is evident that the author has formed each of these small lyrics as a thing most natural to him, and without any thought of publication. The tone is merely human; the reader meets in these verses neither the Swede nor the American, but simply a man who goes through the world, performs his work,

and now and then sings a song, sad or gay, as clouds threaten, or stars shine. Few will think it possible that a recognized pathologist and *post-mortem* examiner ever wrote a poem like "What Dying Is," with such lines as these:

"A gentle waking to a newer beauty,
A gradual unfolding to the soul-life,
* * * * *
A slow unfolding of an early blossom;
A little kneeling at the sapphire portals,
And consciousness of all surcease of heartache:
* * * * *
This is that coming of another morning."

The volume contains fourteen Swedish lyric poems, well translated; specially characteristic are "Why does it Sigh so Heavy in the Forest," "Norrländ," and "The Wonderful Harp." A spirited and faithful rendering of Tegnér's "Axel" will undoubtedly attract the attention of many readers. The book is beautifully printed and neatly bound.

Zachris Topelius's works will have the same charm for coming generations as they have for his own. When the flimsy novel of to-day remains untouched on the publisher's shelves, and its author is forgotten, thousands of young men and women will peruse the "Surgeon's Stories" again and again. What a healthy reading it is! Behind the author, with his wonderful gifts as a story-teller, is a man with lofty thoughts, with noble principles, and with grand views upon human life and history. Topelius speaks to the heart of his readers, appeals to every good instinct in their nature. Hence his ennobling influence on the young in each generation. His popularity is great wherever his language is read, and will be greater now, since Messrs. Jansen, McClurg, & Co. have offered to the English-reading public a translation of these charming historical novels. Three volumes have appeared so far: "Times of Gustaf Adolf," "Times of Battle and of Rest," and "Times of Charles XII.," and the three remaining volumes are in preparation and will follow rapidly. It is not possible to open any of these books and commence reading without being enticed by the fine literary workmanship and the interesting historical pictures. Topelius is an authority in Swedish and Finnish history, and when closing the book the reader has unknowingly enlarged his knowledge of the history of these nationalities in a period when they played a rôle in the destiny of Europe. The world will late be tired of reading about Gustaf Adolf at Lützen, Carl Gustaf marching across the ice of the Belt, and Charles XII at Narva and Poltova. The story of a Finnish family, from generation to generation, is like a red thread running through the whole series, but each volume can be read by itself without any knowledge of the preceding or succeeding parts. The introduction is a perfect literary feast; the description of the old Surgeon is at once charming and amusing and cannot fail to awaken a great interest and sympathy in the reader. The interludes between the different parts give a true picture of the life of the Swedish middle-class in the first half of this century, and the conversation between the several persons forming the Surgeon's audience is characteristic and interesting. Scandinavian parents in this country can hardly place any better reading in the hands of their grown-up sons and daughters; it is charming, interesting, and instructive.

NOTES AND NEWS.

COUNT H. H. v. ESSEN has been recalled as Swedish-Norwegian minister to Vienna, and I. S. W. Grip, secretary of legation, appointed as charge d'affairs.

DR. QVIST, in Helsingfors, Finland, is reported to have made the important discovery of propagating the vaccine *bacille* without using man or animal as intermediate factor.

THE well known zoölog and archaeolog, Prof. Sven Nilsson, of the University of Lund, the venerable Nestor of the science of the North, died lately, ninety-six years of age.

PROFESSOR V. FAUSBÖLL, of Copenhagen, is examining a number of interesting Pali manuscripts which Baron Nordenskiöld brought with him from Ceylon, the main seat of the southern Buddhism.

OTTO LÜTKEN, a commander in the Danish navy, is dead. He was, during the war with Germany, minister of navy. The deceased belonged to a family of prominent navy officers, and was a gentleman of great ability and character.

D. RØPSTORFF, a Danish gentleman who held the position as superintendent over the English Nicobar Islands in East India, has been murdered by a sepoy whom he had punished. The murderer afterward committed suicide.

THE question has risen who shall execute an eventual judgment against the Norwegian ministers of state, and whether the ministers, on whom this duty rests, will respect the decision of the court. This ought to be beyond all question.

PETER VON MÖLLER, of Skottorp, in Halland, died lately. He was a member of the first chamber in the Swedish *Riksdag*, and was made a nobleman, with the name of von Möller, on account of his eminent labor in behalf of agriculture.

MRS. KOWALEWSKI, the widow of the Russian scientist, is lecturing on higher mathematics at the Stockholm high-school. This gifted lady, who belongs to the highest nobility in Russia, is recognized as one of the best living mathematicians.

THINGVALLA, the Danish Steamship Co., has so far not been very successful, and gave last year a dividend of but one and a half per cent. It intends, however, to buy more steamers, and to open a direct communication between Stockholm and New York.

MR. JULIUS HOFFMANN, D. PH., who recently was appointed professor in Norse languages at the University of Berlin, is called to the University of Copenhagen to occupy the chair of German literature and language, vacant by the death of Mr. L. Oppermann.

ACCORDING to a decision of the diet of 1863, all office-seekers in Finland shall now be able to speak and write both Finnish and Swedish. The senate has, however, proposed to give a respite till 1888; but the governor-general advises the emperor to carry out the decision at once.

A CORRESPONDENT from Gudbrandsdalen to *Christiania Dagbladet* attacks the oppressive poor-tax with its com-

pulsatory obligation to give to the poor. He maintains that it has a mischievous influence on the voluntary contributions and states how much preferable these and church charity would be.

The government in Berlin has decided to propose to the parliament the adoption of the Dahlström project of a canal between the Baltic and the North Sea, running from Kielerfiord to Brunsbüttel at the Elbe, to be built by the government at the cost of about one hundred and twenty million marks.

ICELAND has, according to the last census, seventy-two thousand inhabitants, and had in 1801, only forty-seven thousand. During the last year between one and two thousand persons emigrated to Minnesota and Dakota, in the United States, and to Manitoba, in Canada.

The Norwegians in the United States are sending numerous addresses to Johan Sverdrup, the president of the *Storting* in Norway, to express their sympathy in the contest with the government. They have also commenced to raise money to provide the volunteers in Norway with rifles.

F. G. LERCHE died lately in Paris, seventy-four years of age. For years he was a lawyer in Norway, and a well-known radical publicist and member of the *Storting*. He married a French lady, and lived his last years in Paris, where he fought on the walls against the Prussians, and on the barricades against the government.

The efforts to germanize Sleswick continue. Rewards are given to schoolmasters who are zealous to introduce the German language in the schools, instead of the Danish; books treating of Prussian history are distributed amongst the soldiers when discharged; and the Danish population is obliged to use German in their relations with the courts and the offices of the administration.

MINNESOTA congressional delegation proposes Mr. Oscar Malmström, assistant secretary of state in Minnesota, as the successor of Col. Hans Matson as United States consul-general in Calcutta. Col. Matson has resigned to take care of some large mining and grazing property in New Mexico, belonging to a company of capitalists in Holland. Mr. Malmström was born in Kiel, Germany, where his father was Swedish consul.

VANADIS, a Swedish frigate, started, with Prince Oscar on board, on a journey around the world. At Christmas she will be at Lisbon; will sail from there to Rio Janeiro; will later visit Valparaiso, Callao, and possibly San Francisco; and will, after a longer stay in Japan, go to different points in China and India. H. Th. Ehrenborg, Swedish-Norwegian vice-consul at Liverpool, is on board to inspect Swedish-Norwegian consulates, and report on commerce and navigation.

ONE of the leading Copenhagen dailies, *Dagbladet*, is attacked by Mr. Emil Elberling, formerly an editor of *Fædrelandet*, on account of its foreign policy for the last twenty years, since 1861. As some of the grosser blunders he mentions that the said journal was for the South against the North in the American war; for Maximilian against Juarez; for Austria against Prussia; for Napoleon III against Germany; for Beust against Bismarck; for the monarchists against the republicans in France; for

MacMahon and Broglie against Thiers and Gambetta, etc. *Dagbladet* was for years in Denmark the main source of information about foreign affairs.

GAMLA SVENSKBY is the name of a small Swedish settlement at the mouth of Dnieper. It was founded in the spring of 1782 by a number of Swedes, who lived on the island of Dagö, near Reval, but on account of quarrels with their landlords were ordered by Empress Catherine to leave their homes and move to New Russia. The hardships of the long journey and other difficulties before settling reduced their number from eleven hundred to two hundred. The settlement has at present about five hundred inhabitants, who live tolerably well. They have recently applied to Sweden for a Swedish minister.

MR. WALTER RYE is writing a book to prove that the Danes settled in England before the Anglo-Saxons, and even before the Roman conquest of Brittany. Former authors have maintained that not only Celtic but also Teutonic tribes lived in England at that time, especially on the eastern coast. But Mr. Rye shows that a great number of names, in Norfolk for instance, are Danish, not German; he even supposes that the Thames valley was partly inhabited by Danes, and he derives London from the Danish word *Lund*, i.e., a grove, as also the name Londonthorpe is found in the Danish Lincolnshire.

GREENLAND has, according to the last census of 1880, 10,000 inhabitants, against 8,128 in 1840. Of these only 280 are Europeans, almost all Danes, partly in the service of the monopolized royal commerce, partly working at the kryolite quarry. The women are in an unusually large majority, 1,154 against 1,000 men, specially due to the great number of casualties for the men at sea in *kajak*, in South Greenland. Of one thousand persons only twenty-one reach an age of sixty years, against one hundred on the Færö Islands, ninety-six in Denmark, and seventy-one in Iceland.

IN most countries the moving of the crops in fall generally takes considerable capital. It is one of the occasions where an elastic system of circulating mediums like that of the celebrated Scotch note banks is specially useful. In Denmark the international trade generally brings in capital at that time of the year, as a portion of the crop already is marketable in fall. This year seems, however, to be an exception. The National Bank of Denmark, and with it the other banks, were already in October obliged to raise the rate of discount at once with one per cent., to five and five and a half. It is alleged that the reason is the inferior quality of much of this year's grain, which makes it mainly fit for fodder. The cattle, hogs, and produce will not be exported before spring, and, on the other hand, the millers, brewers, and distillers are even importing foreign grain and corn.

BETWEEN 1860 and 1880, the population of Copenhagen increased from one hundred and fifty-five thousand to two hundred and thirty-five thousand. The increase for the last decade, 1870-80, was thirty per cent. If the inhabitants of the suburb of Frederiksberg are counted into the population of the capital, this amounts to two hundred and seventy-three thousand, giving an increase of thirty-three per cent. during the decade of 1870-80. The

other Danish towns had, in 1870, a population of two hundred and five thousand, and in 1880 of three hundred and eighty-one thousand, giving an increase of nineteen per cent during the decade of 1870-80. The growth has been greatest for the larger of these towns. From 1870-80 the increase of the population of the rural districts was only six and one-half per cent, and if Frederiksberg and some other places are counted amongst the towns, only five per cent. From 1860-70 the increase of the country population was still nine and one-half per cent; but in Denmark, as in most other countries, town life becomes more and more attractive.

SUICIDES in Norway are relatively rare, in 1866-80 seventy-four of a million inhabitants against eighty-five in Sweden, and two hundred and sixty-two in Denmark. In 1866-80 the number in Norway even decreased to seventy-two. The small figures have been explained by progress in temperance and specially by the large emigration which takes away most of the discontented and misplaced individuals. This is also supposed to be one of the reasons for the small number of suicides, seventeen of a million inhabitants, in Ireland. The great number in Denmark is probably to some extent due to the peculiar arrangement according to which the old peasants retire and live from yearly payments from their children, usually to great discontent for both parties.

THE Swedish Church Convention, which has been in session during this fall, has, as expected, been chiefly conservative. There were three parties: the high church, the pietists, and the liberal low church; but these last were only a small minority. Amongst the numerous questions laid before the convention were the adoption of the new translation of the New Testament. The convention decided not to order it introduced in the church service before the Old Testament, too, was translated, which will certainly take a long time. The convention would not adopt the word Hades, or the realm of the dead, instead of Hell, though the English-American translation adopted it as the correct rendering. The majority was also conservative in questions about divorce. The convention recommended to increase the number of its members.

DENMARK has at present a public debt of two hundred and one and one-third million crowns, or about fifty-four million dollars, but at the same time a public property of two hundred and six and one-half millions. The surplus in the budget for the coming year is figured at two million eight hundred thousand, and has, during the last ten years, averaged three million six hundred thousand crowns. Considerable amounts are used for the railways, nearly all at present the property of the government, valued at one hundred and forty-four and one-half millions, but yielding only three and one-half per cent yearly net income. As a result of the disagreement between the government and the lower chamber and between the party in favor of fortifications and armaments and that which prefers to diminish the taxes, the reserve funds have increased till over sixty-three millions, and the available funds in banks, foreign and domestic papers, etc., alone, till forty-three and one-third millions.

NORWAY'S great shipping trade was, for the first time since 1826, decreasing in 1879. According to the last statistical report from 1881, there was again a small increase to 1,520,000 tons from 1,510,000 in 1879. The ships are still decreasing in number, 7,976 in 1881 against 8,147 in 1879; and relatively few ships are built in the country. The numerous sailing-ships are replaced by a smaller number of steamers. The profit on the sailing-ships decreased within five years from ninety-two millions of crowns to eighty-two; while the profit on the steamers increased from six and one-half to eight and a quarter millions. The whole income by freight was in the five years 1877-81, respectively, ninety-eight one-half, ninety-five one-third, eighty-eight two-thirds, ninety-seven two-thirds, and ninety one-half millions. Of these ninety one-half millions, seventy-one one-half were earned by sailing between foreign countries, mostly between the United States and England. The freight from the United States gave in 1879 thirty-seven, in 1880 thirty-one, and in 1881 twenty-five million crowns.

In Denmark, the political parties have been unable to agree about the organization of the state church, though in principle already decided in the constitution of 1849. The king has now ordained the establishment of a church council consisting of the seven bishops and two professors from the university, one of the faculty of theology and another of the faculty of law. It will be in session in Copenhagen, once a year, under the presidency of the Bishop of Sealand, in order to deliberate about church matters and the condition of the dioceses and of the congregations; to propose to the minister of cult drafts of ordinances or of bills; to give its opinion on church matters laid before it by the minister who, as a rule, will have to consult it about bills and ordinances which he might intend to propose respectively to the parliament or to the king. The minister of cult intends to have this church council later extended into a church convention, more similar to that in Sweden, by the admission of representatives as well of the clergy as of laymen.—This ordinance became the subject of an interpellation and succeeding censuring order of the day in the *Folkething* or Lower House, which declared it to be against the words of the constitution, which says that the church shall be organized "by law"; and it was intimated that the House would never vote any money for the council.

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